Week ending April 6 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

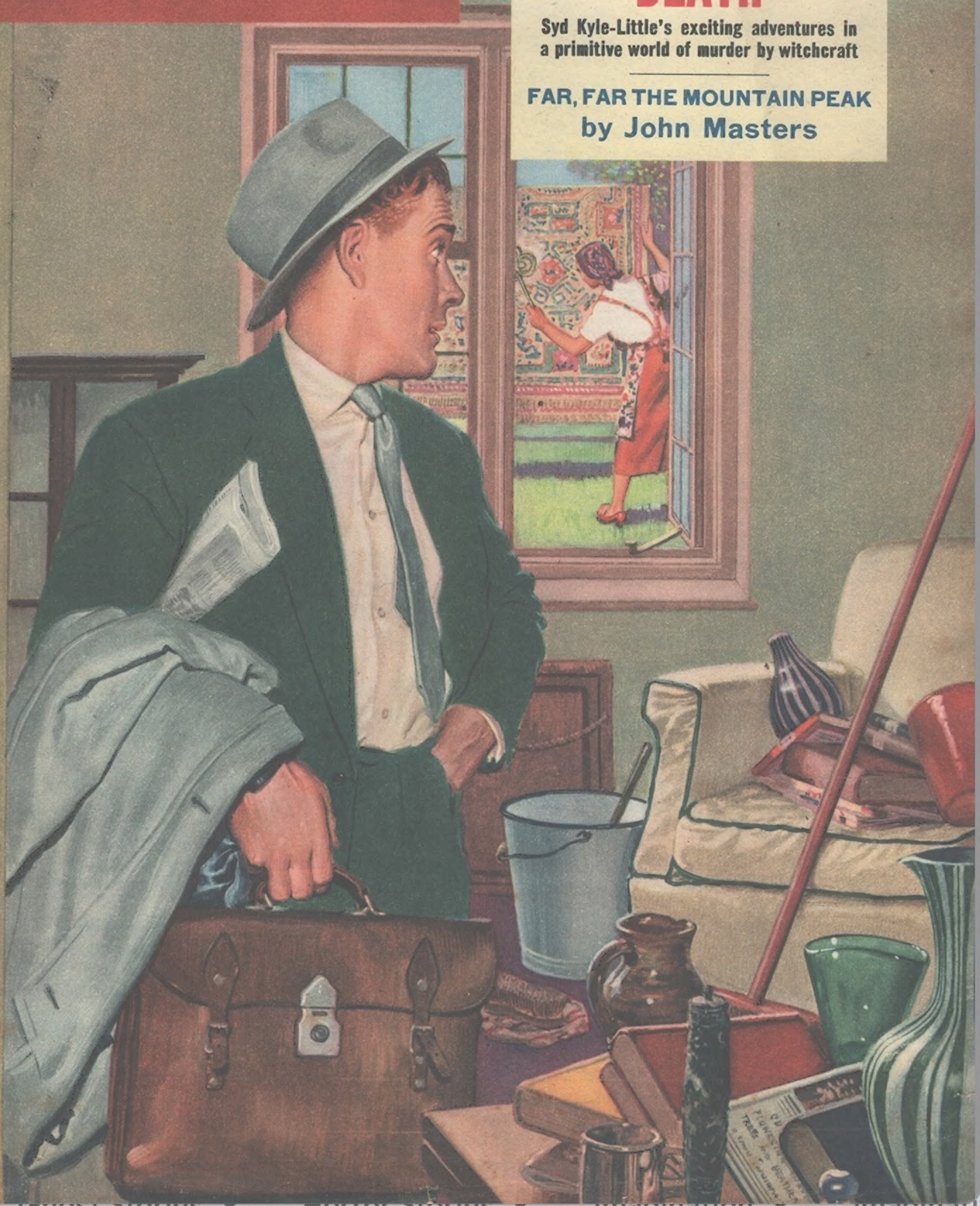
JOHN BULL

Begins this week

LAND OF SINGING DEATH

Syd Kyle-Little's exciting adventures in a primitive world of murder by witchcraft

FAR, FAR THE MOUNTAIN PEAK
by John Masters



Everybody loves a Kosset *carpet!*

Who could resist the rich cherished feeling you get when you walk on Kosset Carpets? They make the whole house so warm and quiet, give it a cradled-in-luxury look. Yet these remarkable new carpets cost much less than you'd expect to pay for anything so luxurious. That's because special machines make them in a revolutionary way.

Everybody's delighted with the way Kosset Carpets wear. They stand up to so much rough and tumble, and are mothproof for life.

Everybody's excited about the wonderful colours of Kosset Carpets, ranging from the softly muted classical to the new and vivid.

Everybody's pleased that Kosset Carpets come in such a variety of widths. There are ten of them, from 27″ for halls and stairs, up to the 15 ft. broadloom for a room carpeted without a seam.

Which grade will you choose? Super is deep mossy cut pile, at 55/- a square yard. It gives a really sumptuous look and feel to rooms, and it's hard-wearing. Choose it for your sitting-room and bedrooms—you'll be amazed how it transforms them. Service is resilient loop pile at 36/- a square yard. It wears well and is a good choice for halls and stairs or for your less important rooms.

Don't forget, the cost of Kosset Carpets is reckoned in *square* yards, not the usual 27″ yard of other carpets. For instance a 27″ yard of Super Kosset would cost only 41/3. Now you can consider the luxury of beautiful carpets for every room in your house. Wouldn't the children love one in their room? Wouldn't your guests feel warmly welcomed by one in theirs? Yes! Everybody loves a Kosset Carpet!

● *Kosset Carpets are sold all over the country. If you would like the name of your nearest dealer, or our free booklet, write to Kosset Carpets Ltd., 6-10 Bruton Street, London, W.1.*

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

CHANCERY 3344 — APRIL 6, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2649

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Syd Kyle-Little—he found adventure on his doorstep

LIKE many Australians, Syd Kyle-Little is an enthusiastic wanderer. But, unlike most, he first explored parts of the great unknown territory of his own land: he went into the vast area of Arnhem Land, in Northern Australia, which is inhabited by some of the most primitive tribes in the world. On page 9 he begins the story of his adventures in that land.

Kyle-Little and a companion were the first two white men to cross Arnhem Land from north to south. They could travel only on foot and by dug-out canoe along crocodile-haunted rivers.

Then he took a year off—to tour the world. He visited South America, the United States, Bermuda, Spain, France, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Britain and Ireland, where he stayed with relatives. Later he became an emergency administrative officer in Malaya and helped to fight the Communist terrorists. He led jungle patrols against the rebels: on one journey he rescued a Chinese woman and child from drowning in a flooded river. Afterwards he was decorated by the Sultan of Negri Sembilan. With the rank of lieutenant-colonel, Kyle-Little helped to raise and train bands of Malays, Indians and Chinese who fought the terrorists.

He gave up his life of action last year and, returning by ship to Australia, met the girl he married four months ago. Now he is settled in Singapore as a business man—but he has not forgotten Arnhem Land. He is planning to lead an expedition later this year across this almost unknown territory . . . complete with ciné camera and recording apparatus.

TOY soldiers and baseball were at one time major concerns at the Texas home of Lee McGiffin, author of *Mr. Kensington's Finest Hour*, which begins on page 22.

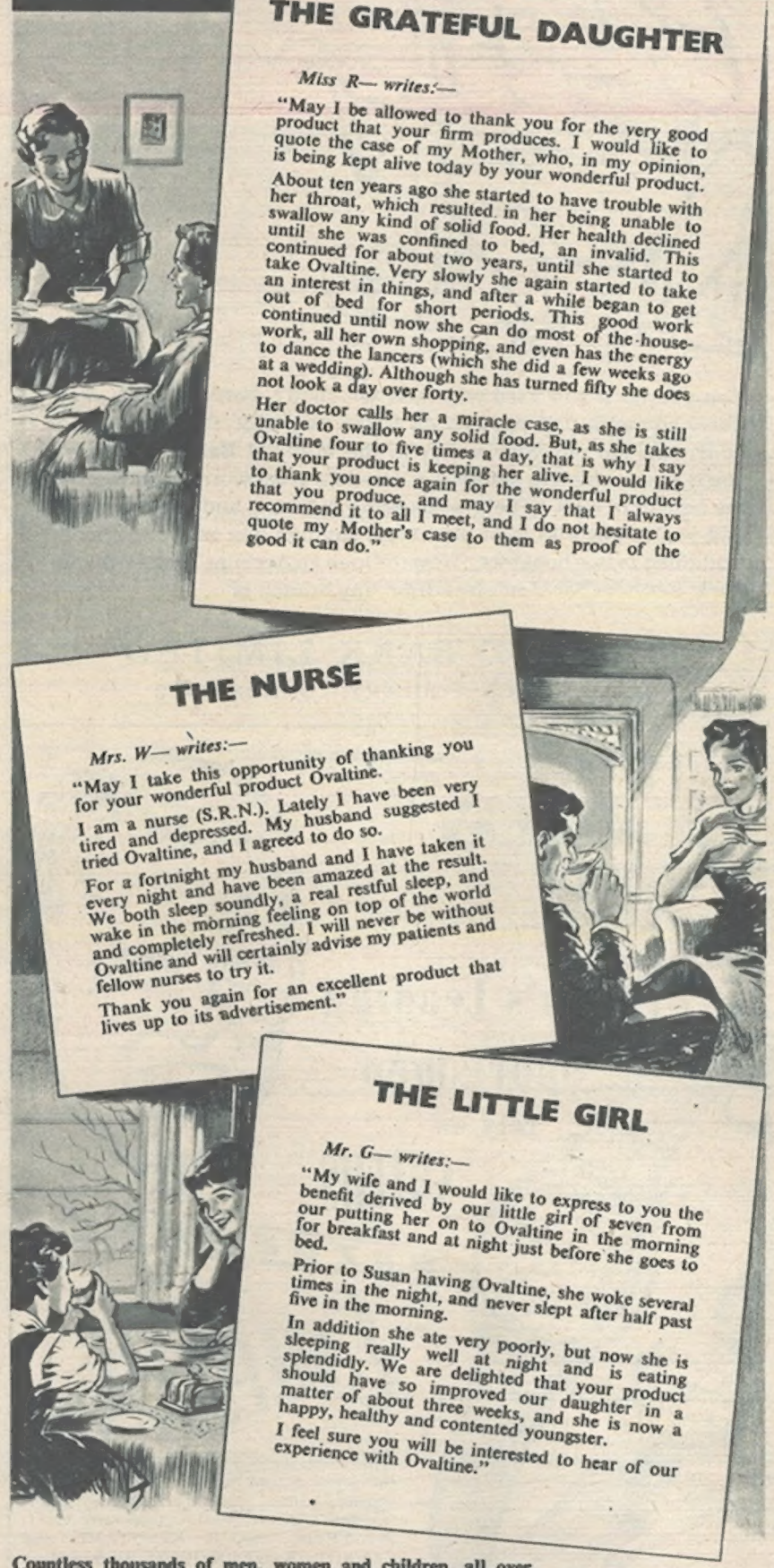
Jonas Stevens in the story is modelled on her son Don, who was a keen collector of lead soldiers manufactured in Britain. When Don and his fellow collectors found them hard to get, they wrote to a British consul for help. A year later, the consul thoughtfully sent the boy a birthday card which, at Don's party, proudly went on display for all to see.

Like Jonas, Don played baseball in the Little League and was a reserve player on the "bench strength" with many others who were not star players. And, like Jonas, he had a taste for the concoctions of ice-cream, syrup and nuts, mentioned in the story, which originated in Dallas, Texas. "They are guaranteed to delight boys and make adults shudder," Lee says.

Lee McGiffin is a university graduate and former newspaper woman. Her husband, who is a history professor of Scottish descent and a lover of Britain, is delighted that the hero of his wife's latest story is the very English Mr. Kensington. For her, the baseball scenes were nostalgic. "When Don was playing I learned to keep score, holler like a banshee and give first aid."

Read these pages from *Real Life* stories

The proprietors of 'Ovaltine' are continually receiving unsolicited tributes to the properties of 'Ovaltine.' The three letters published here are recent examples of the many thousands of letters received from men and women in every walk of life.



THE GRATEFUL DAUGHTER

Miss R— writes:—

"May I be allowed to thank you for the very good product that your firm produces. I would like to quote the case of my Mother, who, in my opinion, is being kept alive today by your wonderful product.

About ten years ago she started to have trouble with her throat, which resulted in her being unable to swallow any kind of solid food. Her health declined until she was confined to bed, an invalid. This continued for about two years, until she started to take Ovaltine. Very slowly she again started to take an interest in things, and after a while began to get out of bed for short periods. This good work continued until now she can do most of the house-work, all her own shopping, and even has the energy to dance the lancers (which she did a few weeks ago at a wedding). Although she has turned fifty she does not look a day over forty.

Her doctor calls her a miracle case, as she is still unable to swallow any solid food. But, as she takes Ovaltine four to five times a day, that is why I say that your product is keeping her alive. I would like to thank you once again for the wonderful product that you produce, and may I say that I always recommend it to all I meet, and I do not hesitate to quote my Mother's case to them as proof of the good it can do."

THE NURSE

Mrs. W— writes:—

"May I take this opportunity of thanking you for your wonderful product Ovaltine.

I am a nurse (S.R.N.). Lately I have been very tired and depressed. My husband suggested I tried Ovaltine, and I agreed to do so.

For a fortnight my husband and I have taken it every night and have been amazed at the result. We both sleep soundly, a real restful sleep, and wake in the morning feeling on top of the world and completely refreshed. I will never be without Ovaltine and will certainly advise my patients and fellow nurses to try it.

Thank you again for an excellent product that lives up to its advertisement."

THE LITTLE GIRL

Mr. G— writes:—

"My wife and I would like to express to you the benefit derived by our little girl of seven from our putting her on to Ovaltine in the morning for breakfast and at night just before she goes to bed.

Prior to Susan having Ovaltine, she woke several times in the night, and never slept after half past five in the morning.

In addition she ate very poorly, but now she is sleeping really well at night and is eating splendidly. We are delighted that your product should have so improved our daughter in a matter of about three weeks, and she is now a happy, healthy and contented youngster.

I feel sure you will be interested to hear of our experience with Ovaltine."

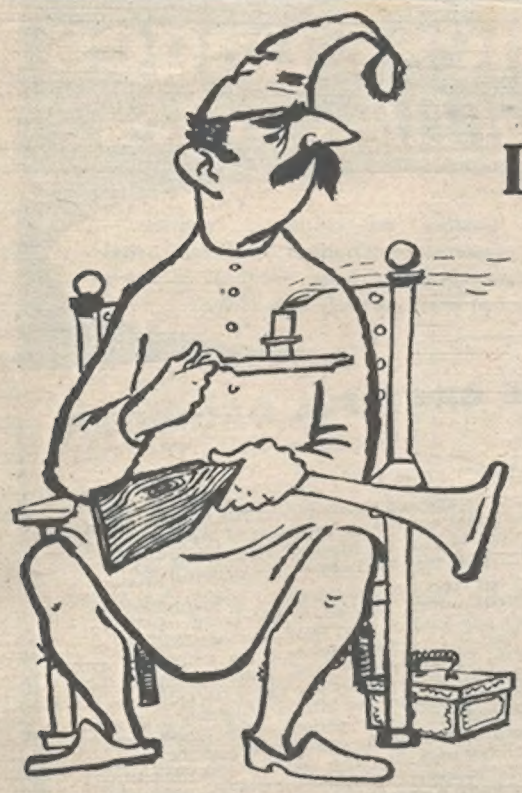
Countless thousands of men, women and children, all over the world, drink delicious 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. You, too, will benefit from 'Ovaltine.' But remember, there is only *one* 'Ovaltine.' It stands in a class by itself.

1/6, 2/9 *and* 5/- *per tin*

Drink delicious **OVALTINE**

THE VITAMIN-FORTIFIED FOOD BEVERAGE

P.21B



Look after the pennies

You can do it the hard way (and we shan't worry, though very likely you will). Or you can do it the way a lot of other people do it: you can put your money in the Midland Bank. That way, you'll have complete safety and freedom from worry; you'll have the benefit of a lot of helpful banking services; and you may well find you've got a kind of automatic savings box as well. It's all explained in two booklets, 'How to Open an Account' and 'Midland Bank Services for You', free from any branch of . . .

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MIKE HAWTHORN
Britain's Famous Racing Driver

Y.256
5 jewel chromium plated model. Fully luminous. 73/6

Britain's Leading Sportsmen rely on SMITHS

5 & 7 JEWEL ★

Empire WATCHES

Y.806
Lady's 7 jewel model in gilt anodised case. 90/-

Remember, the jewels are your safeguard . . . the accuracy and long life of a wrist watch depend on them. Remember, too, that Smiths 'Empire' 5 and 7 jewel watches are ANTI-MAGNETIC, SHOCK RESISTANT, and CANNOT BE OVERWOUND. All models are fitted with unbreakable glass!

PRICES FROM **52/6** *Also Pocket Models from* **27/6**

★ *GOOD WRIST WATCHES MUST HAVE JEWELS*

A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

SMITHS CLOCKS & WATCHES LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2
A Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

Free Speech

- **Branding mischievous boys**
- **Have you forgotten your money?**
- **Keep calm—by smashing cups**

LAST summer my twelve-year-old son was caught up a tree in the middle of a high-walled orchard by an Alsatian watchdog. He was the first boy in the neighbourhood to have attempted this hazardous enterprise since 1932.

Shortly afterwards he was hauled up before the juvenile court, found guilty of stealing and placed on probation. This offence will remain on his record for the rest of his life.

But in 1932 a boy who did the same thing was congratulated by his father for his daring and determination, told why he must never do it again and given a good hiding to drive the point home.

The incident was then forgotten and he found an ideal outlet for his energies as a member of the local Boy Scout troop.

I have always been grateful to *my* father for the way he handled my own youthful indiscretion. I only wish I had had the chance to do the same for my son before the law stepped in and branded him as a juvenile delinquent.—C. S., Yorkshire.

Missing Millions

Nothing is heard nowadays about the millions of pounds lying in the banks in unclaimed balances. We never hear of the banks making inquiries or advertising for the legal owners of money in old and unused accounts.

Surely there was once a suggestion that all this money should be claimed by the Treasury.—J. W. BIRD, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

"Banks do make inquiries about ownership," says the Banking Information Service, "but on January 1, 1928—the last estimate available—unclaimed balances in Britain's banks totalled £8 million, much of it in odd pounds overlooked by people when closing accounts.

"Four years ago a suggestion that the money should go into a Common Good Fund was made in the House of Lords. But the Lord Chancellor pointed out that this would lead to examinations of banking accounts by the government and similar unjustifiable departures from accepted practice."

Rings Around Eyes

When I broke the hinge of a normal-shaped spectacle frame, twenty London opticians said they could not repair them and that I must have a new frame costing at least four guineas.

I got it mended in Germany—a perfect job for 3s. 6d.

Spectacle frames of all types and colours are simple plastic products costing a shilling or two wholesale. Yet they cost guineas in the shops, the alternatives being relatively unattractive National Health Service frames.

Why should opticians make price rings round people's eyes? The service rendered by opticians does not justify several hundred per cent on the cost.

Most of them seem to be paid for hanging around in white coats waiting for customers. If it were not such easy money there would be fewer opticians. A quarter of the number could cope with the job.—GEORGE BEVERLEY, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

Standing Time Still

When the plate glass wall of a hospital operating theatre collapsed recently a nurse who narrowly escaped injury said the wall appeared to cave in horribly slowly. I experienced this same momentary slowing up of the natural speed of things when I almost caused a man to fall to certain death in a shipyard by accidentally knocking against him.

His struggles to find handholds, the contortions of his face and the efforts of others to help him were all vividly clear to me and appeared to take place in agonizing slow motion and in a deep silence. But I was unable to move.

Then everything was noise and frantic haste again as he was pulled to safety.—A. C., Glasgow.

"This is a well-known effect of shock or great fear," says a doctor. "And it can be reproduced in the laboratory by the use of mescalin, hashish and other drugs."

Dithering Males

We feel so strongly about the psychologist's comments on wavering women ("Free Speech," March 16), that we can't let them pass unchallenged.

Our experience as secretaries and shorthand typists is that any letter or document written or dictated by a man which goes through in its original form is so rare that we gossip about it.

Most difficult documents are drafted out and heavily revised. But when the pen is poised to sign the finished result it's dither . . . dither . . . dither, and finally: "I don't like this, I'm afraid. We'll have to do it again.—A., S. and J., Birmingham.

Crashing The Crocks

When I read that some hospital patients are encouraged to throw crockery around to relieve pent-up

emotions I started to hoard my cracked cups.

Then came the day when I dropped all my washing into the mud while rescuing it from the rain. I washed it again, hung it out in the sunshine—and then fell over the prop as I rushed into the rain to carry it all in once more.

So I got out all my cracked cups and threw them one by one at the shed. It was a marvellous feeling, and made me realize what I had been missing during over twenty years of married life and normal self-control. —MRS. J. HUNT, Wickfield Avenue, Christchurch, Hampshire.

Hit Back Parade

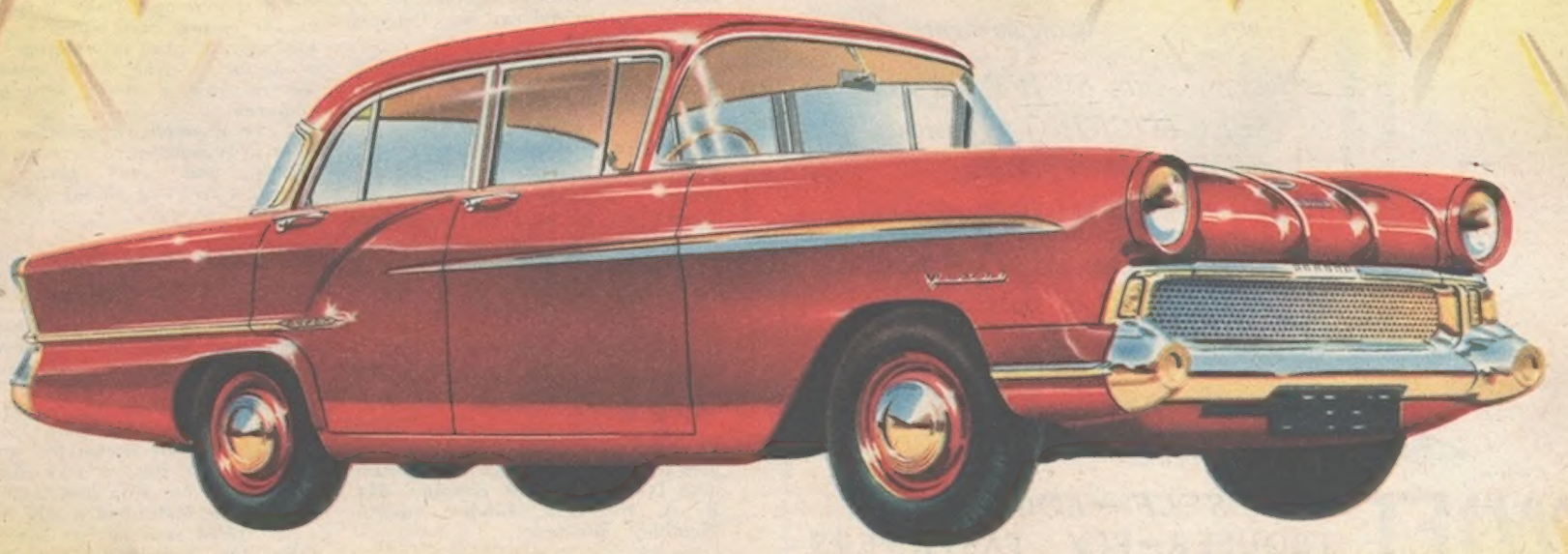
What a comment on today's values when R. P. of Birmingham ("Free Speech," March 16)—a crooner and, therefore, a non-producer—can earn twice as much as his father two years after leaving school!

Our technicians and skilled workers are emigrating in search of better conditions. Shall we in future be dependent on the export of dance-band crooners to keep our trade balance on the right side?—A. A. YOUNG, Altrincham, Cheshire.

. . . My advice to R. P. is to save as much as he can against the day

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

SALUTE THE VICTOR



THE NEW VAUXHALL

The most exciting motoring news for years !

Today your Vauxhall dealer will show you the exciting new four-cylinder four-seater Vauxhall Victor. *See it — and drive it!* For grace and spirit there has never been anything to touch it.

First in its class with all-synchro gears, the Victor sweeps you to 50 mph. in 14½ seconds. Top speed over 75 mph.! Phenomenal braking and road-holding. Steering light, precise. Super-Vauxhall petrol economy!

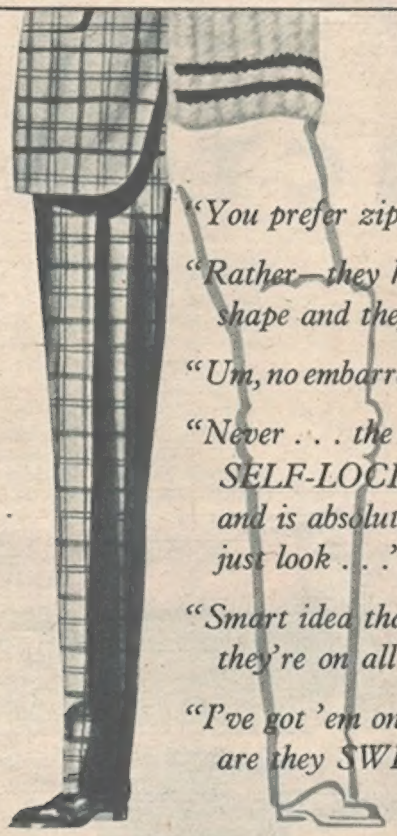
First car in the country with the panoramic windscreen, the Victor's road vision is such that the tips of all four wings can be seen at a glance by the driver. Flat, smooth riding. Luxurious, washable upholstery. Lots of room for four people and luggage to boot.

First with the new concealed exhaust system . . . the new switching system . . . the easy-release handbrake . . . First for appearance, with the lines of a new generation of low, swift cars — in a range of eight beautiful colours.

First for value! . . . The Victor costs only £485 (+P.T. £243.17.0). The Victor Super £505 (+P.T. £253.17.0). *The Victor Super has extra luxury features — mechanically the two cars are identical.*

See them with the spacious 6-seater Vauxhalls, the Wyvern (4-cylinder) and the Velox and Cresta (6-cylinder), at your local Vauxhall dealer's today. The car you'll enjoy is a Vauxhall!

overheard in the changing rooms



"You prefer zips, I see."

"Rather—they keep trousers in good shape and they fasten securely."

"Um, no embarrassing moments, eh?"

"Never . . . the SWIFT is a special SELF-LOCKING fly fastener and is absolutely reliable, just look . . ."

"Smart idea that. Must see that they're on all my suits in future."

"I've got 'em on all mine. Not only are they SWIFT, but they're sure!"

SWIFT *SELF—LOCKING* TROUSER—FLY FASTENERS

FLEX FASTENERS LTD., DINAS, RHONDDA, GLAM.

THE PLAYER'S GUIDE TO NAVY CUT

A leader among the great tobaccos of the world. Unchanging in quality, unique in flavour, slow-burning and very economical. 2-oz airtight tins 9/7

This singularly smooth tobacco is lighter to look at and a trifle milder in flavour than Player's Medium Navy Cut. 2-oz airtight tins 9/7

Superb leaf compressed in a coil of rope, slowly matured, and cut the traditional Navy way; the Admiral of the Player's Fleet. 2-oz airtight tins 9/9

All available in 1-oz packets.

[NCT 98Y]

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

when he is on the crooners' scrap-heap. And when his savings are exhausted perhaps his father will be able to find a niche for him—unless the firm is unreasonable enough to demand a fair standard of scholastic achievement.—MARION HILL, Wirral, Cheshire.

Cinema Flare-up

Long-suffering cinema audiences can now add one more nuisance to a list which already includes paper-rustlers and fog-makers. It is the young man who stands up when the lights go out and strikes a series of matches so that his girl friend can find the way back to her seat.

I have christened this character "The Human Homing-beacon."—D. MUTCH, Barons Court Road, London.

Planting Discord

There is a big export demand for new British varieties of plants and flowers, yet we have no patent laws

to protect the growers and nurserymen responsible. Other countries have such laws. Why not Britain?—MR. R. A. FRANKLIN, Linden Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.

"New measures to protect the rights of British growers—particularly rose growers—are now being considered by the Committee on Transactions in Seeds," says the Ministry of Agriculture.

Playing Up School

Doubtless B. L. of Hampshire, has some reason for his outburst against boarding schools ("Free Speech," March 16), but there is another side to the case.

I failed to pass the entrance examination for a grammar school through illness and a lack of interest in learning. After a miserable year at a secondary modern school I went to a small private boarding school where I was in a class of thirteen instead of fifty.

Besides a painless education which enabled me to pass seven subjects in the General Certificate of Education and, only one year later, three at advanced level, I was taught music, art and nature appreciation, social graces, useful handicrafts and many other things which are skimped in a "modern" school.

Some of my schoolfriends came from Commonwealth countries where their parents worked; some from remote country districts in England and some from broken homes. A few were backward through having missed early schooling.

It would be tragic to have deprived them of the companionship of other normal children at school—friends with whom they stayed in the holidays so that they should not be left at school all the year round.—MISS A. G. M., Sussex.

Inside Story

Why can't the mobile units carrying out mass X-rays of the chest X-ray the abdomen as well? Too often doctors send patients for X-ray only to find that disease is too far advanced to be cured.—G. H., Sunderland, Co. Durham.

"A split-second X-ray of the chest on the postage stamp-sized negatives used gives a lot of information," says a doctor. "But little would be learned from a similar shot of the abdomen.

"For example, a solution would have to be injected to show up hollow organs, and some parts would require a series of photographs taken at timed intervals."

Speeding Pedestrians

I couldn't understand why one of my neighbours always walked much faster than I did. We were the same height and build, yet I always had to take a quicker step to catch up about every twenty paces.

Then he told me the secret. He gives an extra push with his toes just as his foot leaves the ground. Having tried this, I find that my walk to the bus stop now takes only ten minutes instead of nearly twelve.

My friend says he has heard this called the Stanislavsky Method, but does not know why.—C. G. B., Surbiton, Surrey.

Constantin Stanislavsky, the great Russian actor and producer who helped to found the Moscow Art Theatre and made it world famous with daring new techniques, discovered this walking method as a drama student and used it for the rest of his life. He died in 1938 aged seventy-five.

Beat Your Neighbour

In a catalogue issued by a nursery specializing in unusual varieties of flowers I was amused to read this: "If your neighbour has a flower he is very proud of, let us know and we will supply seeds of one larger or in an entirely new colour."

This nurseryman obviously knows all about gardening rivalries.—MRS. V. DAWNEY, Hornchurch, Essex.

Dangerous Wandering

As a member of the Highland Light Infantry I also learned to ski in the mountains of Lebanon as described by Derrick Harrison ("These Men Are Dangerous," JOHN BULL, March 9).

I remember an Austrian instructor

THE COVER

WHAT a welcome! An hour or two of warm sunshine, so out go the carpets, down come the curtains, and supper develops into one of those "get-it-yourself" affairs. If Critchlow's cover breadwinner had ideas about a quiet evening with the newspaper, he can dismiss them right away. There's not a corner in the house where a self-respecting man can hide from this annual homework. There's just one consolation. This year his favourite junk is *not* going to be surreptitiously sneaked off to the jumble sale. Not while he's around to help.

being caught in the mountain mist while out alone looking for a straggler. He kept moving in a small circle all night to keep his blood circulating and to avoid a possible fall in the dark. He, too, did not realize how close he was to camp until reveille sounded.—L. WILSON, Liversedge, Yorkshire.

Part-time Parents

Middle-aged women may, according to E. P. of Southampton ("Free Speech," March 9), have made a mess of training their husbands, but they seem to have made a good job of their sons as helpers for the younger generation of wives.

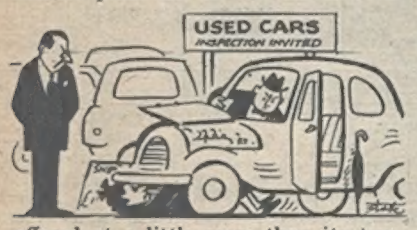
However, grandpa did manage to keep grandma at home to bring up the children. The younger husband seems content to let his wife go out to work part time. No wonder he weighs in with the housework.

Young couples may be giving their children a better chance of getting things "as good as the Jones's." But the training and care children get are also part time.—J. T. H., Bradford, Yorkshire.

Square Dealers

I doubt whether the car dealer mentioned by F. S. of London ("Free Speech," March 2) actually obtained all the £100 he added to the car's purchase price.

As the wife of a car salesman I know that it is often easier to get the correct price for an old car if it is



offered at a little more than its true value. The price can then be knocked down a bit and everyone is happy.

But a low-priced car is viewed with suspicion, and mumbles of "What's wrong with it?" are heard as the sceptical customer practically rips the engine to pieces.

Members of the public are not as easily taken in by false exteriors as your reader suggests—and some customers are not above a bit of trickery.

Even a dealer can be misled into buying a car with a patched-up chassis, and if he was clever enough to sell it without spending about £150 the customer would soon be back.

So he finds it better in the long run to cut his losses and keep his good name.—MRS. A. S. JEWSON, Oxford.

Pickled Fighters

In the days of bare-fist fighting boxers used to toughen their hands by pickling. One claimed that he could knock a hole through a wooden door half an inch thick with his bare fist. I have often wondered if modern boxers ever try this toughening treatment.—F. J. VERRIER, Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.

"They used to pickle their knuckles in brine to stop the skin splitting," says a boxing instructor. "But this would be pointless in these days of padded gloves."

Visions Of Time

I have suddenly realized that I always think of years, weeks and hours as running from left to right, like a road on a level with my eyes. But I always think of days as vertical, starting with the morning at the bottom.

In discussing this with friends I found one who saw the future in front and the past over her shoulder; another who sees time as a circle like a clock, and a third who has no special way of seeing time at all.

But we all agreed that our various ways had been the same since childhood.—LORETTA R. POWELL, Musjid Road, Battersea, London.

"Some people think of numbers in equally strange ways — perhaps arranged in rising spirals around them or in columns like a chart," says a psychologist. "Others always associate certain numbers with different colours.

"They are usually people with strong visual memories—those who find it easier to remember things by the way they look rather than by the way they sound."

Expensive Money

Recently I noticed a 1953 Coronation five-shilling piece for sale in a shop window. It was priced at eight shillings.

Could I have demanded it for five shillings or is it legal for money to be sold for more than it is worth?—E. SWEET, Joanmount Park, Belfast.

"Limited numbers of collectors' pieces struck to mark special occasions are sold at above face value," says a Royal Mint official. "There is no law to stop anyone paying extra for a coin if he thinks it worth while."

Frustrated Donor

Having volunteered as a blood donor I was surprised to be given an appointment four months ahead. This seems to belie the urgency expressed in the numerous appeals.—W. GORE, West Street, Newbury, Berkshire.

"None of Britain's 591,000 donors is asked to give blood at less than four-monthly intervals," says the National Blood Transfusion Service. "Smaller towns and country areas can't, therefore, be visited until there are enough donors free to make it economically worth while."

Missing The Queen

We left England two years ago, and when the headmaster of our local school in Australia asked which of his pupils had never seen the Queen my four young sons were the only ones to raise their hands.

It seems that when the Queen visited Australia in 1953 practically every child was given a chance to see her. Yet there must be many children of all ages in Britain who have never done so.—MRS. D. E. HASKETT, Victoria, Australia.

Tight Fisted Grants

Some counties have reputations for being tight-fisted with grants to university students, while others are more generous.

Surely it is time that grants were standardized so that undergraduates get the same wherever they live.—D. C. M. PIKE, Tattenham Way, Tadworth, Surrey.

After an appeal by the Minister of Education eighteen months ago, 137 of Britain's 146 local education authorities have already brought their grants into line with those made for State scholarships.

Bouncing Seed-savers

Now that seed planting time is here it might interest other indifferent gardeners to hear of a novel method of bird-scaring I tried, and proved, last year.

I blew up a number of toy balloons left over from Christmas and tied them to stakes stuck in the seed bed. The merest suggestion of a breeze caused them to billow out to the full length of the threads, and the birds, either frightened or impressed, kept away for once.

This method has a second virtue for people like me who are not gardening fanatics. Passers-by can't resist commenting on the balloons and I get plenty of chances to straighten my aching back and have some restful conversations.—P. W. EMMENS, Tenterfield Road, Maldon, Essex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

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All these points add up to this: electric cookers are designed to make the most of every pennyworth of current you buy.

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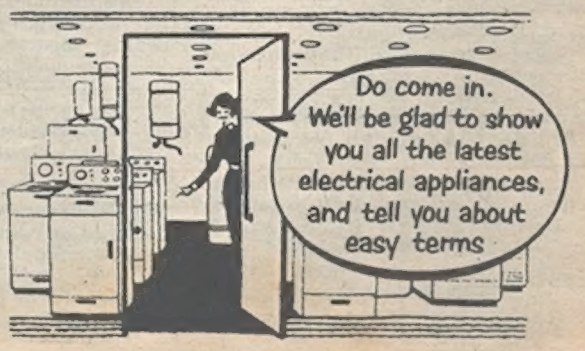

Issued by the Electrical Development Association

Syd Kyle-Little begins his story of real-life adventure in the . . .

LAND OF SINGING DEATH

Australian aborigines hold a friendship corroboree in which they dance and exchange gifts. But a corroboree can also be a prelude to fighting

I ARRIVED in Darwin, Australia, as a young patrol officer of the Native Affairs Branch. I was determined to work hard for the twelve thousand aborigines who lived in the great Arnhem Land reserve—an area as big as Scotland—and I was naïve enough to believe that the white man's law could serve in the black man's territory.

My arrival could not have been at a more critical time. As I entered the office of Vin White, chief clerk of Darwin's Native Affairs Branch, he glanced up from a file of radio messages on his desk.

"Things are bad at Milingimbi," he said. "Fighting has broken out." Milingimbi was a Methodist mission station on an island off the coast.

Vin explained that the latest messages from the Reverend Arthur Ellemor, the missionary at Milingimbi, were full of urgency and alarm. Deep, age-old feuds between tribes had flared up. The Bureros of Cape Stewart—a mainland tribe—had sworn to wipe out the local Gobaboingos. Already, shovel-nosed spears were flying.

With a tense feeling of excitement I realized that it was my job to intervene in this dangerous situation. I was a very junior employee, but the only one available with outback experience.

Vin was so handicapped by a lack of detailed news that his instructions were simply: "Do your best."

And so it was that on June 9, 1946, a mere week after starting my job, I carried my rifle and swag aboard the mission ketch Aeroetta and headed east to quell a tribal war.

Travelling as fast as the sails and diesel engine could take us, we went, in oily grey seas, through Dundas Strait. Then we met

Crocodiles abound in the aborigine country. The natives hunt them and sell the skins. One day a huge crocodile leaped into Kyle-Little's canoe

Syd Kyle-Little and some of the aborigines who helped him on his patrols. He had to sleep in the open and often lived off the land, killing game for food

rough water and fierce head winds on the way to the Methodist mission on Goulburn Island, where I had tea with the Reverend Mr. Muller and his pretty young wife, who was expecting a baby.

Both of them had, of course, heard about the trouble into which I was going, but Mrs. Muller, in particular, had little to say on the subject. She seemed sad and depressed, and I wondered whether she feared that the fighting would engulf them at Goulburn. Perhaps she feared, or sensed, her own tragic destiny.

Whatever the reason, she had a profound effect on me, and it was with a curiously disturbed mind that I boarded the Aeroetta again and sailed for Milingimbi.

The Milingimbi mission is on a small island in the Crocodile group. The island is low and flat, and when the great tides of the Arafura Sea are in, it is only a few feet above sea level.

During the second World War, the Royal Australian Air Force swept aside hundreds of the eucalyptus trees on the island and laid a landing strip. Although the bombers had long since left, the mission maintained a small section of the airstrip for Flying Doctor planes.

We sighted the Crocodile Islands in the afternoon of June 12. By now the sea was leaden and the islands, lined with mangrove swamps, looked wholly uninviting. It was easy to imagine crocodiles lurking in these dark waters. The islands seemed well named.

The sun had been down for three hours when we hove to off Milingimbi and I went ashore. The mission itself consisted of weatherboard houses on stilts. The largest was occupied by Ellemor and his wife, and there were others for Sister Olive Peake, a lay sister, Mr. Guy, a lay brother, and for the school and stores.

By midnight, sitting in a rattan chair and sipping tea with the Ellemors, I was fully briefed. It appeared that life had been going smoothly until February, when a native of the Burera tribe who was living at the mission became insane and died. The anger of the rest of the Bureras at Cape Stewart was immediately aroused. "Singing" insanity into an enemy is a favourite occupation of medicine men.

The Gobaboingos became suspect. It was said that they had "sung" the dead man's tobacco.

The Bureras accordingly decided to avenge what they were sure was murder, and from the streams that empty into the Arafura Sea, dugout canoes carrying men with spears, woomeras (throwing sticks) and dogs set out for Milingimbi.

The Bureras camped outside the mission while they looked for a culprit among the Gobaboingos. At first they blamed a boy named Japanee [the natives are usually referred to as "boys"], but he had a good alibi. Then they accused a boy called Djimbun, who couldn't explain his movements to their satisfaction. His kinsmen stoutly defended his innocence, and the Ellemors were busy night and day trying to keep the peace.

Without Ellemor's knowledge, the two tribes agreed to settle the dispute by a *magarada*, a spectacular peace-making ceremony, much out of favour with missionaries because it often fails to produce the desired result.

As the ceremony demanded, Djimbun, unarmed, faced his armed accusers. He heard their accusations and dodged their spears as they came whistling at him, one by one. So far so good. But when this part of the ceremony had concluded without bloodshed, Djimbun, as was the ritual, danced into the group of Burera men, where a young native named Bururingjingo was supposed to jab him with a spear in the thigh and, by drawing blood, bring about the expiation of the offence.

Unfortunately, Bururingjingo's aim was indifferent. He accidentally struck Djimbun's hand, and the spearhead cut a long gash.

An aborigine's hand is almost sacred. Although the Cape Stewart men were satisfied with the ceremony and left for home, the Gobaboingos insisted on retribution. Before the Burera warriors had reached the mainland, they were overtaken by a Gobaboingo canoe, manned by the most powerful paddlers in the tribe, and challenged to return to battle. The challenge was accepted.

At the mission, the Gobaboingos began a corroboree. Covered in white clay and with their fighting spears and woomeras ready, they danced and sang. The Bureras arrived "dressed" for battle. Daubed with red clay and wearing only their *nargas*, or loincloths, they took up their stand on the far edge of a small plain about two hundred yards behind the mission. There they began their own corroboree.

Late in the afternoon, thirty Gobaboingos with bundles of spears in their left hands and woomeras in their right hands moved to where fifty Burera men, spread out at wide intervals, awaited them.

Guy, the lay brother, saw the subsequent fight. "Spears started to fly in all directions," he said. "It was an astonishing scene of rapid movement and little noise. The natives anticipated the flights of the spears and dodged and leaped, picking up the spears as soon as they hit the ground and hurling them back."

One man was killed. It was Bururingjingo. The spear of a Gobaboingo named Bongowoi embedded itself in his right temple, and another, thrown by a native named Bininyiwoi, passed straight through Bururingjingo's body.

As might be expected, the Bureras became more hostile than ever. Bands of them combed the island, desperate for revenge.

I decided that the only solution to the crisis was to capture both Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi. I would stop them from being causes of further bloodshed by removing them to Darwin for trial on charges of murder.

Clearly, though, if I was to catch such fleet-footed quarries, I had to move quickly.

The Ellemors were able to tell me that the two men, with some of their clan, had gone to Banyan Island, twenty-five miles east of Milingimbi. So, on the afternoon of June 13, taking a small dugout canoe and two mission boys, I once again boarded the Aeroetta.

I landed on the beach at Banyan Island the next morning.

The ketch was holding off into the breeze when I discovered that I had left my swag —personal belongings and bedding—aboard. All I had with me was my rifle and a jack knife in a sheath on my belt. I shouted and waved my hat, but the ketch held to course and left me, without food, blankets, or even a mosquito net.

It was an inauspicious start.

The day was brutally hot when I started off inland with the mission boys tracking. I went from water hole to water hole in search of Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi. We walked all day, covering about fifteen miles through stringy-bark forests and swamps, over iron-stone ridges, through the valleys and among the hills, but no trace did we discover of the wanted men. The going was wretched and, to make matters worse, all the water we found that day was stagnant.

The boys made a fire in the evening by rubbing sticks together, and when night came we lay down beside it on the ground.

For hours I slept very little and thrashed at the mosquitoes with a twig. Nevertheless, I was far from unhappy. I was hungry, thirsty and tired, and irritated with myself for having left my swag behind—but I wouldn't have changed places with anyone.

I loved the outback. So did the rest of my family. Years before, my grandfather had sold his commission in the Indian Army and gone to Queensland, where he became an inspector of mounted police. My father joined the mounted police, serving along the Gulf of Carpentaria, where a man had to be a bushman, and tough, to survive.

My mother, a real Territorian, was born and raised in Darwin. I was born in Darwin, too, and my earliest years were spent with aboriginal

Continued on page 40

THE PAY-OFF

If he lost this time, it would be Piper's last gamble. . . . And the odds were against him

by BRETON AMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

"We've done it again," the major crowed. "Lucky Lady stuck her nose out for powdering and got home in a photo-finish"

PIPER liked Major Cobbley and regretted that in a few hours he would be robbing him of £2,000 plus. He thought the major the sort who would oblige if asked for a fiver, or a good thing in the big race.

This afternoon the good thing had managed to get the verdict in a photo-finish. The major, red-faced and duffle-coated, a small black beret on his bald patch, was collecting from all the bookies who hadn't had time to lick a thumb before he and his associate, Captain Turnton, raided the market.

Piper admired anyone who could beat the book. It required as much planning, patience, and courage as his own job. And his success in that could be measured by the fact that his only conviction had been for taking marked notes from the petty cash when he was seventeen years of age. He was now forty.

He still went after notes, in substantial sums, and this meant he had to frequent places where ready money changed hands, places such as race-tracks, car auctions, boxing matches. He had been watching the major for several months, because when Cobbley betted it was heavily, on inspired information, and on a strictly cash basis.

Piper had waited a long time for the major to land this winning coup, and tonight he intended to collect the cash. He followed the army (retired) into the bar, where the sight of the major padding his duffle-coat with wads of notes made him nervous, in view of the number of doubtful characters about.

"I told Beryl to meet us at the White Lion, where they'll put on a good feed," the major was booming. "Drink up, Turnton. Have a cigar."

Turnton, the major's lackey, was a tall, horse-faced man in a bowler hat. He chose a cigar which he crackled against his ear as if it were a suspect fiver. "Better be pushing," he suggested.

Piper followed the two men to the car-park and was climbing into his aged Eight as the major's scarlet

coupé flashed by. They hadn't noticed him—nobody ever did. He was unobtrusive in appearance and by inclination.

At five o'clock he passed their car outside a pub that had a market-day extension; at six he passed it outside an hotel. In this way they leap-frogged to Chipbury, where Piper was already in the Gluepot bar of the White Lion when Turnton and the major marched into the lounge.

Through the bar Piper watched them sink two quick ones before the major's wife joined them—a pale, dark-haired woman wearing a fur coat over an amethyst frock.

"Honey, we've done it again," the major crowed. "Being a filly, Lucky Lady stuck her nose out for powdering and got home in a photo-finish."

He laughed heartily. His wife looked bored. Piper thought she was the wrong type for a nice chap like the major. She ought to have been big and brassy, shrieking for champagne instead of sipping tonic with a slice of lemon in it.

The major shouted for the menu and wine list, and ordered like the gourmet Piper knew he was; fresh salmon, roast duck in orange sauce, devils-on-horseback. Piper's mouth watered, but he never ate before a job. He left them to it, and drove to the major's small, solid house in Pinetree Road.

Piper had been there before. In the shrubbery he assembled his lightweight ladder of tubular steel and climbed to the major's bedroom window, overlooking the golf course at the back. Piper already knew that the major and his wife had separate rooms.

He had three things to do. He oiled the window latch, to stop it squeaking later; he removed the live cartridges from the Service revolver in a bedside drawer, and substituted blanks; he tried a key in the lock of the black tin trunk that had *Major A. L. Cobbley* painted on the lid in white. This was where the major kept his tax-free income.

He drove back to the hotel for another drink in the Gluepot. The party had returned to the lounge for coffee and brandy, and the major was telling a long story that amused him vastly, while his wife looked more bored than ever and Turnton crackled another cigar, this time as if he expected it to explode.

At closing time they left, Turnton driving them to the house, where he garaged the car for the major and went on his way.

As soon as Turnton came out of the gates, Piper slipped in. The gurgling hiss of a siphon told him the major was having a nightcap in the lounge. Then the downstairs lights went off and the upstairs ones came on, Mrs. Cobbley's at the front, the major's at the back.

Piper made himself comfortable in the bushes while he waited for the combined effects of whisky, sherry, champagne, brandy, and more whisky to put the major to sleep. It soon did. There was no mistaking that. The major, bless him, didn't need rocking, but he was making such a row his wife would probably need the sleeping pills she kept by her bedside.

At midnight exactly Piper climbed his ladder, forced the window, and had a look at the major who was sleeping rosily, mouth open, one pink-and-white striped arm stiffly outflung as if supplicating a bookie. Piper was tempted to put a fiver into that chubby hand, but he opened the trunk and groped for the bundles of notes he hoped the major had tossed into it.

There were twelve bundles—about £2,200, Piper reckoned, with a bit over to cover expenses. The major could afford it. He was well-off, apart from his tax-free income.

Closing the window behind him, Piper cat-footed down the ladder and disjointed it. His car was on the golf course, and the constable on this beat wasn't due for seven minutes. . . .

BY twelve thirty Piper was in his own rooms, eating the cold ham his landlady had left him and reading the racing form. After a job he always showed up at the usual places; inconspicuous though he was, it didn't do to be missed. For a few months he could enjoy life while he considered his next prospect—a recluse who collected his own rents. . . .

Piper was having breakfast before the major would have stirred. As he tapped an egg, he thought what a head the poor old major would have.

He picked up the morning paper. His exploits invariably featured in the evening press, so it took time for the front-page heading to register: MIDNIGHT MURDER: RETIRED OFFICER BATTERED IN BURGLED HOUSE.

Coffee spilled from Piper's cup. He put it down and read the report, which said that shortly after midnight a constable on duty in Pinetree Road, Chipbury, heard cries coming from the residence of Major A. L. Cobbley, where he found Mrs. Cobbley in a distressed condition and the major lying dead in his room, battered about the head. The bedroom window, wide open, showed signs of having been forced; a considerable sum of money was missing; traces of soil on the carpet and the marks of a ladder in the flower-bed underneath the major's window indicated that the crime was the work of a burglar whose methods were known to the police. Mrs. Cobbley had been roused by a shot from the major's revolver, which was loaded with blanks. His injuries had been inflicted by the butt of the weapon. An early arrest was expected.

Piper's stomach turned over. Never in his career had he used violence. He liked the major. The murder had been committed as soon as he had left the house, which meant that someone knew he had been there; someone who was using the burglary to frame him—with murder.

Keep your head, he warned himself. *You don't leave visiting cards. You've got away with it for years.*

But murder was different. Murder meant Scotland Yard and a nation-wide man-hunt. If he were caught, it wouldn't be the seven-year rap that was a risk of the trade; it would be the black cap and whatever it stood for at that particular moment—a life sentence at the least.

He wasn't taking that for anybody, particularly for Mrs. Cobbley and Turnton. One of them had done it, or both. He had noticed the way they looked at one another—and at the major, as if he were a defaulting bookie on the Downs. By putting her husband out of the way, Mrs. Cobbley got his money and her freedom and Turnton got her and the money. That was the set-up.

Piper sweated. He must keep the money, because he'd never dare to do another job. If he did, he'd be stuck with murder. The police might not know him, but they knew all about the way he operated.

So did the murderers. While he was watching the major, they must have been watching him, judging that he was waiting for the first big win. He could have been seen at the Cobbley house, especially if Turnton and Mrs. Cobbley also took advantage of the major's deep sleep. Turnton must have come back last night after pretending to go home. The woman had let him into the house to shoot the major while he slept. Finding the gun loaded with blanks, he had slugged his victim before the major was properly awake and, after giving him time to get clear, Mrs. Cobbley had flung the window open and screamed for the police.

A coward's crime, Piper thought. He had known Turnton was a rat, but the rat had set the trap and he had walked into it.

Another thought occurred to him. Turnton and the woman knew what he was, but would they dare to betray him? They had plenty to hide. If he were caught, he could make things hot for them, with a good lawyer. They were safer while he was free.

Piper began to feel better. He decided to go to the races as usual, and on the way he buried his ladder in a disused gravel pit. His career as a burglar was over. Unless he landed some winners in the next few months, he'd have to become an honest man on a weekly wage; better that than cracking granite on the Moor.

There was some slight police activity at the races. He ignored it as he made his usual small bets, but he missed the major. He felt he would willingly pay £2,000 to see that tubby, duffle-coated figure chuckling at the bar. Turnton had made him responsible for the major's death and he hated the man for it.

In a few days the murder had faded from the news. It gave him no sense of security. The police were patient. He dropped them an anonymous letter to the effect that Turnton had been carrying on with Mrs. Cobbley, but he didn't expect any results—the inquest had shown Turnton to have an alibi, kindly provided by his manservant.

A month after the murder Piper saw Mrs. Cobbley and Turnton in the paddock at a three-day meeting. He had known it must happen sooner or later, but he broke into a cold sweat as they turned towards him.

He could have moved, but he didn't. This was his biggest gamble. Would they risk recognizing him as a suspicious character who

The major was sleeping rosily, one arm flung out stiffly. Piper was tempted to put a fiver into that chubby hand

Would Turnton and Mrs. Cobbley risk recognizing him? Piper had to know. . . . They sailed past him without a glance

had been seen loitering near the major's house?

He had to know. . . . They sailed past him without a glance. He was safe from them and, with any luck, from the police. . . .

He was heading for the bar, badly in need of a drink, when Turnton intercepted him. "You have two thousand pounds that doesn't belong to you," Turnton said softly. "No doubt you'd like me to restore it to the right owner."

"Yes, I'd like to make it possible for you to do that," Piper said, "but I'm not a killer. You've got her, you've got the major's money. Let me alone."

"Two thousand pounds," Turnton murmured. "That should leave you with enough to get out of the country. Or perhaps you prefer Dartmoor? That man in the mac over there—I believe he's from the Yard."

It might be bluff, but Piper dare not call it. "I've only a pony on me," he muttered.

"Naturally. You'll bring the money tomorrow. We'll meet at the unsaddling enclosure after the three o'clock race." Turnton smiled. "It's time I had a winner."

He strolled on, and Piper, who had never committed violence in his life, had to hold himself back. Not content with murder, Turnton had taken to blackmail. If he didn't pay, Turnton could turn even nastier than he was; if he did, there was no guarantee that he'd be allowed to go free. It might suit Turnton to have the murder case settled.

Over his drink Piper wished he had never taken those notes from the petty cash, long, long ago. He wished the major was here, buying champagne for himself and a cigar for his lackey. He wished he could get Turnton hanged for the murder, with a life sentence as second best.

But he would have to pay. He sat up most of the night thinking it over, and in the end he went to the races next day with the money done up in neat packets, as though they had never been opened.

Turnton was by himself and smoking a very large cigar. "A nice win," he said casually. "If I were you, I'd take a long holiday. We've seen too much of you, over the last few months."

PIPER walked away and found the man in the mac. "If you're still looking for Major Cobbley's murderer he's here on the course," he said coolly. "I pulled the burglary, but Cobbley's friend Turnton did the killing. He's just stuck me for the two thousand pounds I took."

"Can you prove it?"

"I sat up half the night marking every note," said Piper. "He'll swear he won the money, but you can check with the bookies."

"Taking a gamble, aren't you?"

"I liked the major," Piper said. "Turnton was after his wife. Try her, too, because it's ten to one she doesn't know he's put the screws on me, and four to one you can break his alibi."

"I'm a gambler myself," said the man in the mac, "when I get inside information. But if this is a winner, your pay-off won't be less than three years."

"I'm thinking of his," said Piper.

As he waited in the little lock-up below the stands, he was glad his first theft had been of marked notes. They were hard to explain away. Many a promising crook had come a cropper over that hurdle. . . .

Turnton was another of them. Unable to account for the marked money in his possession, he eventually admitted blackmail, but stuck to the story that Piper was the killer. Unfortunately for him, Mrs. Cobbley contradicted this as soon as she knew he was in custody. The fact that he had gone after the £2,000 behind her back was the deciding factor. Women, as Piper had noticed, were seldom good losers.

Three years, the judge said, was a very lenient sentence. With remission, Piper thought, he would be out in time for the 1959 Derby and, now he had done his duty to the major, his luck might change.

It was comforting to know that Turnton wouldn't be seeing any more racing, unless they had television on the Moor. THE END

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Scientist in the underworld

by FRANCIS HITCHING

In a maze of tunnels and subways, Bill Ward risks his life to provide safety for others. His research finds hidden perils—and can save millions of pounds

LATE one Saturday afternoon, as the last of the contractors came up from a new £2 million, twenty-five mile tunnel being built near the Thames, a six-foot tall government scientist named Bill Ward wished them good night, picked up an armful of equipment, and asked the crane-driver to lower him down the 120-foot shaft.

The tunnel was to carry water from the Thames to the River Lea. Some months earlier, Ward and Metropolitan Water Board engineers had decided that blocks of concrete would hold the water as efficiently as costly steels. Now the tunnel was due to be flooded. Ward had the weekend to fit gauges on the experimental walls to show whether they would take the strain of thousands of tons of water.

As the bucket seat on the end of the crane hit the base of the shaft, Ward felt the shock jar his spine. He climbed painfully out. "I was stuck there," he says. "I had to fit my equipment without holding up the schedule." With his back hurting almost continuously, he worked in the dank, cold atmosphere throughout the night and the following day, surfacing only when the workers arrived late on Sunday. "They were a most uncomfortable twenty-four hours," he says.

Later in the week, Ward anxiously tuned his gauges to watch the effect of the water on the walls.

The concrete easily withstood the pressure, moving only a few hundredths of an inch under the strain. Adopted on the complete length of tunnel, the new method of construction is expected to save £1 million.

"That is the kind of result we are aiming at," says Ward, who has been head of the six-man tunnel research team in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research since it started three years ago.

London's ninety miles of Underground train tunnels—the most extensive system in the world—criss-cross with a huge network of water, gas and electricity mains, sewers, telephone cables and subways, varying in size from the twenty-seven feet wide Blackwall Tunnel to less than three feet for G.P.O. cables. The cost of construction is up to £16 million a mile for a dual-carriage road tunnel, and about £5 million a mile for standard twelve feet Underground tunnels. As the linings account for up to half the cost, Ward's experiments to use more efficient tunnel linings could lower the cost considerably.

In his search for information about conditions underground, Ward, a good-looking man of thirty-nine, has developed hard, strong hands like those of a manual worker. Discomfort and long hours have become normal. "When he comes up from a tunnel," says an associate, "he looks more like a chimney-sweep than a scientist."

On his first night in a London Underground tunnel, Ward found the walls crusted nearly one inch thick with iron filings and soot. He scraped through it to look at the condition of the metal underneath. On the surface four hours later, he fumbled for his car-keys before a surprised audience of early-morning workers. "They couldn't believe that a man with such a dirty face owned a shining new car."

Later, he went to take samples of clay from a water-tunnel beneath the Thames, and waded in eighteen inches of stale water and decaying fish. Frequently he enters tunnels which have been pressurized to prevent the walls falling in, and conditions are similar to those suffered by deep-sea divers. For several days he walked ankle-deep in mud on the banks of the Thames at Shell Haven, Essex. "I have learned to dress prepared for anything," he says.

Most London Underground tunnels were built at the turn of the century, and about thirty million trains have passed through the network since then. Ward soon found through his experiments that although the linings are perfectly safe under normal operating conditions, there is an element of danger when a new tunnel is being built alongside an old one.

EIGHTEEN months ago Ward was carrying out experiments in a Piccadilly Line tunnel where a new tunnel was being cut only five feet away. He noticed that the old tunnel bulged dangerously as earth was taken from its side, becoming half an inch wider than it should be. Inflexible cast iron is unsuited to stand such changes in strain. "It might have cracked without warning," says Ward.

At his suggestion, work stopped on the new tunnel while he loosened the bolts of the old lining in an attempt to make it more flexible. When tunnelling restarted, some of the metal linings, unable to stand the stresses, cracked with a noise like thunder. But they remained safely in position. In the eleven-mile addition to the London Underground from Victoria to Walthamstow, now awaiting government approval, the tunnels will probably be built farther apart than at present, with a more flexible lining than cast iron.

Ward is unperturbed by the possibilities of danger underground. Last month he was standing at the bottom of a 120-foot deep shaft

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Bill Ward checks pressure gauges in a water tunnel. Workmen once accidentally drilled holes through gauges he had set

Ward (right) tests the strength of tunnel lining material. Underground he has had to cope with live rails and locked gates

Emily turned on Peter. "Gerry is not going with you," she said. "It's disgraceful of you to ask him when you know he's trying to become a doctor"

Far, far the mountain peak

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

It was what Gerry was waiting for—a chance to redeem himself. And Peter was there, ready to lead him to glory

PETER SAVAGE, District Commissioner of Rudwal, India, opened the telegram. "War," he said. He added thoughtfully: "There will be a call for volunteers."

Emily, his wife, knew what he was thinking. War, for a man of Peter's temperament, meant opportunity. And if Peter went to war, she told herself numbly, Gerry—the young Earl of Wilcot—would follow him. Gerry always followed where Peter led.

She might have married Gerry. He lacked Peter's fire, but there was something fine about him. He had long ago forgiven her for choosing Peter.

Desperately Emily tried to convince Peter that he should stay in India. "You can look after Rudwal as no one else can. There'll be all sorts of trouble——"

"Don't be silly, Emily," he said softly. "If I stay here I'll be like a man sweeping the galley floor while the ship goes down. . . ."

Emily felt powerless, knowing that Gerry would go with Peter, as he had gone—and nearly lost his life—on their unsuccessful attempt to climb the cruel Himalayan mountain called Maru. And this time Peter would surely lead him to his death, because Gerry would be killed the first time he went into action. The bullets would seek him out, recognizing gold.

So he must not be allowed to volunteer—or, if he did, only for the Medical Corps. The greatest desire of Gerry's life was to become a doctor. He was deeply interested in the little hospital at Rudwal.

Emily resolved to work to that end—and she thought of something that might help. When Harry Walsh, the brilliant mountaineer who was married to Gerry's sister, Peggy, led a second expedition to Maru, Gerry had refused to go with him. Gerry refused because he thought Peter should have been asked to join the expedition, not because he was afraid to go. But very few people knew that. Already Gerry was being called a coward. . . .

PART FOUR

Battle In The Alps

JUNE 12, 1915. London. Emily went to her room, made up her face lightly, kissed the children in their cots, said good night to Nanny, who was reading a shilling shocker in her room, and went downstairs.

Gerry came in. "An interview with four journalists," he said wearily when they were in the drawing-room. "I'm going to have a peg. I feel a little tired."

He was pale and the hand he brushed across her bare arm when he came in was as cold as a fish.

"What's the matter with you?" she said, smiling. "You feel as though you've just come from the North Pole, and it's a warm night. Are you sickening for something?"

"Good heavens, no, old girl. I feel fit as a fiddle."

She said calmly: "Gerry—what's happened?"

"Oh, nothing." He glanced up, met her eyes and looked down into the big glass full and dark with whisky in his hand. "I tried to get to France again, but they said they couldn't spare me. I suppose it's partly my title. They think I'm just the man to impress the Americans."

"Is that all?"

"Well, there was something else," he said, gulping down his drink. "I met Mrs. Lyon in Whitehall today."

Emily said nothing. Lyon was killed on Maru, perhaps because the climbing party was under strength—because Gerry did not go.

Gerry said: "She had a big bonnet on with a kind of sweeping feather—white. There were a lot of silly flappers there, giving feathers to men

Continued on page 37

"Fire!" Peter yelled as he ran on. But Gerry just stood there, his pistol raised, staring . . .

In Port Said, Day questions General Sir Hugh Stockwell. His interviews during the Suez campaign were praised as brilliant TV reporting

Before the late night news Day checks details with Diana Edwards-Jones, studio manager. He won the job of newscaster from 150 applicants

Robin Day torments the famous

by JOHN SANDILANDS

His tough tactics and ruthless manner put dynamite into TV interviews. He pursues the truth—whether it hurts or not

IN an Independent Television News programme last year the former United States' president, Harry S. Truman, faced the questions of a brisk, bespectacled interviewer named Robin Day.

Towards the close of the encounter Day posed the question to the American wartime leader, "Do you regret dropping the atom bomb?"

Truman evaded a direct reply by pointing out that the answer could be found in his published war memoirs. He was subjected to a sharp glance from his interrogator. "Mr. Truman," said Day with some asperity, "this programme is intended for people who are unable to afford thirty shillings for your book."

The ex-president paused, then smilingly acknowledged the point and answered the question.

Day's tough tactics on television have produced a sharp division among viewers. He is described by his admirers as bold and provocative; by his critics as boorish, cheeky and overbearing. Both camps agree, however, that his forthright manner and mental agility make for highly stimulating viewing.

In less than eighteen months Day, a thirty-three year old barrister, has become established as a leading television performer. He has projected his formidable personality as a newscaster, eye-witness reporter, studio interviewer, Parliamentary sketch writer and discussion group chairman.

His vigorous presentation of news is acknowledged as a big factor in I.T.N.'s current lead over its B.B.C. counterpart. Recently a humorist called the commercial television news programme, "The Robin Day Show."

Day's appearance is an important adjunct to his broadcasting style. Hunching into his suit to a degree that belies his six feet and fourteen stone, he cranes forward in a way that led one observer to liken him to "an intellectual tortoise," furrows his brow fiercely, and gazes from behind his spectacles with penetrating directness.

The severity of his expression is not lessened by his abundant brown hair or the spotted bow tie which he usually wears.

Some time ago he was converted from his thick horn rims to semi-rimless glasses in an attempt to make his aspect less forbidding, but the experiment was not entirely successful.

Day's interviewing technique is regarded by Geoffrey Cox, his editor at I.T.N., as a good example of commercial television's attempt to diverge from the staid methods of the B.B.C. He sums it up as "hard, intelligent and slightly irreverent."

Less charitably, viewers accuse Day of "grilling" his subjects and of defects ranging from rudeness to political bias. His efficiency at the job, however, has not been in question.

As an inquisitor he has harassed such notabilities as Bevan, Gaitskell, Butler and Herbert Morrison, and last year effectively coped with angry bummarees at Smithfield during a meat strike.

His clash with Sir Kenneth Clark, the chairman of the Independent Television Authority, in which he asked Clark to comment on charges that the authority was "losing control and becoming weak-kneed," proceeded with such pungency that the duty producer took the responsibility of keeping the programme on the air well beyond the allotted time.

Day achieves his results with a lawyer's facility in cross-questioning and a telling use of "ad libs." In a late night programme at the time of Sir Anthony Eden's retirement he faced Randolph Churchill, triumphant after correctly forecasting Macmillan's accession to the premiership.

In expansive mood Churchill spoke at some length about the virtues of the new prime minister. Declaring himself tired of being governed by "babies, women and children," he claimed: "Harold Macmillan is a grown-up man."

Day cut the panegyric short. "At sixty-three he ought to be." Day defends such peremptory treatment. "I represent the viewer," he says. "It is my job to deal with anything that is not strictly to the point."

His controversial manner on television has galvanized the viewing public, but is readily understandable to friends who have known him since he was a law student at Oxford.

Off screen Day remains a centre of contention. He identifies himself strongly with whatever viewpoint he takes and pursues a private argument with the same aggression that he displays in his job.

"Robin has managed to insult all his friends at one time or another," says Godfrey Smith, an Oxford contemporary who is now a London journalist. Smith, who has an urbane manner, cheerfully recalls that his more temperate approach earned him the nickname from Day of "Smoothy" Smith.

As as newscaster Day is bound by Act of Parliament, through the commercial television charter, to present the news "with due accuracy and impartiality." The stricture hampers his natural contentiousness, but he still manages to detail even strikes, shortages and minor political dissensions with enthusiasm and an obvious personal concern.

"I take the view," he says, "that some news items are more important than others, but that all news is interesting."

Day's job extends beyond merely reading the information sifted by the news staff and he has a hand in the selection, priority and especially the wording of news items, frequently rewriting them to suit his own style of delivery.

A stormy term as President of the Oxford

Besides reading news bulletins before the TV cameras, Day helps to select items (left), and rewrites them to suit his style. At a preview (below) he watches newsreel rushes with producer Raymond Perrin (right) and film editor John Lodge

Union, the university's debating society, provided Day with a suitable training ground for his present rôle.

According to contemporaries his domineering manner in the chair nearly led, at one time, to open revolt, although even his enemies were prepared to admit his power in debate. One of the main causes of dissatisfaction lay in Day's habit of interrupting speeches which he considered were becoming diffuse or overlong.

In one debate a speaker, determined to forestall him, paused in his address to say: "At this point I had expected an interruption from the chair."

But Day was unperturbed. "Some speeches are improved by interruption," he responded. "Others are hopeless of improvement."

For the annual "Eights Week" debate at the university, which is usually on a humorous motion, he decreed that the officers of the Union should exchange their normal full evening dress for hunting pink, and also installed three trumpeters in the gallery to herald his appearance on the platform.

At the time he weighed more than seventeen stone, but his girth did not deter him from acting as cox to an Oxford eight against a Cambridge crew in an unofficial "boat race." For the event he wore full evening dress including a top hat.

Day was born in Hampstead and educated at Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight, where his school reports consistently complained of his volubility in class. On leaving he served for four years in the Royal Artillery, rising to the rank of captain, and went up to Oxford when he was released in 1947.

As a result of his argumentative prowess he toured America two years later with a Union debating team and in the intervals of visits to over fifty colleges in the United States made his first appearances on television and sound radio.

Geoffrey Johnson Smith, now a member of the B.B.C. *Tonight* team, says that long hours of travelling and tough opposition in American universities failed to diminish his appetite for argument.

"He had a habit," says Johnson Smith, "of going to bed late, sleeping for a couple of hours, then waking up refreshed and anxious to continue any argument left unfinished."

Returning to Britain, Day was called to the Bar and practised as a pupil barrister for a year. Colleagues regard it as significant that he was involved in the longest criminal trial since before the war, a marathon wrangle that continued for more than six weeks.

DAY, who once vehemently propounded the theory that any lawyer who did not become Lord Chancellor could consider himself to have failed, showed considerable promise of a successful legal career. He was not content, however, with the slow rate of progress in the profession. "I saw," he says, "that I would be well into my thirties before I had caught up with many of my university friends in other jobs."

He gave up the law to join the British Information Service in Washington as a liaison between the service and American television.

The job gave him further broadcasting experience and he returned to Britain to join the B.B.C. in the current-affairs department.

He became a topical talks producer, broadcast in the B.B.C.'s overseas service and early in 1955 began making regular appearances on sound radio in *Topic For Tonight*.

In June of the same year Day answered an advertisement for newscasters and was chosen, along with Chris Chataway, from more than 150 applicants.

Aidan Crawley, who was then head of I.T.N. and made the selection, says that he picked Day as a candidate possessing an acute mind and "an ability to ask awkward questions."

Day made a slow start and failed to register as a distinctive personality for the first six months.

Since then he has increased his stature steadily. As an outside reporter he made filmed interviews with British troops after the Suez landings that were acknowledged to be among the best pieces of on-the-spot reporting that television has produced.

His success on this overseas assignment has led to *Roving Report*, a lively weekly news programme on foreign affairs that is likely to give him a world-wide reporting brief.

Day is now earning in the region of £2,000 a a year, but he lives in a modest two-roomed flat in Kensington, frequently cooks for himself and copes with his own laundry.

He is a bachelor with a wide circle of women friends but, according to an acquaintance, his disputatious manner "makes great demands on the mental resources of the weaker sex."

"He is happiest," says Ronald Waterhouse, a barrister friend who once shared a flat with him, "with dinner, a bottle of wine and a group of friends with whom he can argue. He has developed provocation as a social style."

Even critics who claim he is cantankerous and leaning heavily towards pomposity admit that he has a strong undercurrent of humour.

A massive figure before he reduced his weight by rigid dieting, he frequently prefaced his more portentous remarks with the statement, "I represent the small man."

It was Day who made a prominent feature of the light-hearted "end pieces" to commercial television newscasts—a typical example is the story of the nude who, asked in court why she had refused to remove her shoes, replied that she had to draw the line somewhere.

Day delivers such items in a style enhanced by his uncompromising mien. Every day he searches relentlessly for suitable material and, when in possession of a particularly apt specimen, leaves it out of the rehearsal of the newscast to preserve its freshness.

At the end of one recent programme he permitted himself a rare twinkle as he said, "Goodnight to you all—including the anonymous lady who sent me a letter describing me as a swollen-headed pipsqueak." THE END

White Heather for me!

The assortment I love to take aboard

Hazel Nut Delight

Fruit Nougat

Peppermint Stick

Orange Cream

Orange Fruit Jelly

Milk Neapolitan

Nutty Fudge

Coffee Cream

Raisin Caramel

Walnut Surprise

Creamy Caramel

Milk Chocolate Toffee

White Heather Pascall Assortment

I'm enjoyment bound—
with wonderful Pascall White Heather Assortment.
Every trip's a *pleasure* trip,
with that delicious cargo of exciting centres
in creamy milk chocolate.

Exciting new centres – creamy milk chocolate!

Most modern home in Britain

by ROY HILL

With a new design and a century-old idea Edward Curtis has built a dream house. He can even keep it warm by taking heat from ice

FOUR times a day, Mrs. Lyn Curtis reads the temperature on three thermometers as she runs the most modern home in Britain for her architect husband and their daughter, Linda.

Edward J. W. Curtis has designed a "solar house" at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, which is entirely heated, refrigerated and air-conditioned by a heat pump. "In a sense we are guinea pigs," he says—which is why one thermometer outside the house and two others inside must be read regularly. The readings are charted by Curtis to check the pump's efficiency.

Heat pumps were first suggested by Lord Kelvin, the scientist, in 1852. They work on the same principle as the domestic refrigerator, but instead of extracting heat from a food chamber they take it from the atmosphere—or from water or soil—and set it to work.

At Curtis's home, a fan unit on the garage roof sucks in air which contacts a liquid refrigerant—Arcton 6, in this case. The heat in the air is sufficient to cause the Arcton to evaporate in a coiled tube, extracting the heat as it does so. The resulting hot gas is sucked down to the main pump unit, placed in a small insulated room adjoining the kitchen, and passes through a compressor driven, like the rest of the unit, by a three horse-power electric motor.

Here, under pressure, the heat contained by the gas is tripled, and the gas enters a coiled tube. A stream of air is now propelled by powerful fans over the coils, absorbs heat and passes through a system of ducts into every room. Meanwhile the Arcton gas is condensed and throttled to a lower pressure until it becomes cold. It is then returned to the evaporator ready to kidnap another consignment of heat from the atmosphere.

Another heat pump, driven by a half horse-power motor, takes heat from the air in the pumproom and from a six-and-a-half cubic feet refrigerator and uses it to heat water.

"It's wonderful," says Lyn Curtis, "to have an evenly heated home where the air is perfectly pure, however thick the fog outside, and where water, piping hot, is available night and day. There is no need to bother with fires, and the only fuel bill is the electricity bill."

When the outside temperature is just on freezing at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the pump used by Curtis keeps the entire house at an average temperature of sixty-five degrees. But in colder weather the pump would need a boost.

Curtis plans to adapt the existing pump to extract heat from the earth, where the temperature remains constant. He will bury a zinc- or cadmium-coated steel strip, about fifty feet long and a few inches wide, four feet deep in the garden. At this depth the soil does not freeze.

A third method, used in America, and industrially in Britain, is to draw heat from water. The Festival Hall, in London, was originally heated from water pumped from the Thames by two aeroplane engines. In Norwich, electricity department offices, stores and workshops were heated for years from the River Wensum.

The Curtis family lives in a glass-walled house, where the heating of every room is controlled from the kitchen. The main bedroom (right) overlooks the living-room

Domestically, an experimental pump was used in a house in Scotland in 1922. But Edward Curtis's house is the first to wed modern science so completely with modern design.

Basically, Curtis has designed a house with two brick walls, which support the structure, and two window walls. The ground floor, apart from the entrance hall, is one huge room overlooked by the main bedroom, which terminates in a balcony. The kitchen is divided from the living-room only by movable screens, but cooking smells do not linger because the air is completely renewed three times an hour.

Purified warm air from the heat pump is carried along ducts to the attic and expelled into the airing cupboard and the first-floor rooms, through diffuser cones in the ceiling. It then passes downstairs and is sucked back to complete its tour of the building through grilles in the floor of the living-room.

All the interior doors in the house finish two inches from the ground to allow the smooth but gentle passage of air. External draughts do not exist because the windows are tightly shut.

Three times a day in the winter Curtis must defrost the external unit of the pump. This he does quite simply and automatically by reversing the heat flow of the machine for five minutes. In summer heat he reverses the machine permanently, under thermostatic control, so that the pump empties the house of excess heat and turns it, in effect, into a vast refrigerator.

Although the pump could be built into an old house for space heating, the hot-air system would not be feasible and it would be more economic to install another system for heat distribution—probably hot-water radiators.

There is only one heat pump—the Ferranti Fridge-Heater, which takes heat from the larder and uses it to heat washing water—currently available for use in the home. It costs £159 12s. 7d. to buy, tax included. A similar pump, produced by another firm, was withdrawn when the purchase tax on domestic electric heating appliances was raised from fifty per cent to sixty per cent in 1955. Even without this tax, the very efficient "space heating" pump specially made for Curtis by Denco Miller, Ltd., costs £450, and the water heating and refrigeration unit another £170. In mass production, the prices could probably be reduced to £350 and £130 respectively.

APART from the cost of the heat pump machine and the site works, the cost of Curtis's house and garage, plus the price of ducting and double glazing, was approximately £4,000. But Curtis does not expect his electricity bill this year to be more than £30, including £18 for space heating and £9 for water heating and refrigeration. Average figures for other forms of house heating, per year, are: electric heaters £70 (minimum), gas boilers £60, anthracite boilers £26 and coke boilers £20.

"But that is not the end of the saving," Curtis says. "Houses designed round heat pump units save on the cost of chimneys, fireplaces and fuel storage facilities, not to speak of the boiler, immersion heater, refrigerator, and so on—a saving of about £280."

In fact, Curtis thinks the only snag which he may meet is a power cut. Just in case, he has included one conventional fire, with a rounded, citron-yellow flue, in the middle of his living-room. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Mr. Kensington's finest hour

by ***LEE McGIFFIN***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

This was hardly a task for Her Majesty's consul. What young Jonas needed was a father—and a baseball coach

HE viewed the correspondence on his desk with the distaste of a lonely man faced by letters beginning with an impersonal "Dear Sir" and addressed to "Mr. Edwin Drake Kensington, British Consul."

The May morning was full of Texas blue skies and soft gulf breezes. But Mr. Kensington was full of bitterness and too much gin and tonic, which had an unhappy effect on his queasy stomach. His only concession to the dazzling sunshine was leaving his umbrella in his solitary hotel room.

His secretary had the day off. After all, there was only routine business. This Texas appointment was for the young on the way up or the old on the way down, and Edwin Kensington had no doubt as to his own direction. He was sixty; his shirts had been frayed by strange laundries from Abyssinia to Nicaragua. His well-aged suits had been cleaned and pressed by odd tailors from Portugal to Syria.

He remembered vaguely that it was in Haiti that he had stopped trying to comb his thinning grey hair over his bald spot. That was after Madge had died. Without a wife, a man gets a little careless.

But even though his appointments had become less and less important, there had always been his son, Peter, to think of: Peter in a proper British school; Peter spending holidays with him; Peter coming down from Cambridge in 1939, just before the war broke out.

Edwin Kensington closed his mind abruptly. In quiet desperation, he started on his letters. Would he like a weekend on a real Texas ranch? Mr. Kensington remembered his welcome at the airport ten days ago. The mayor had given him a ten-gallon hat, a size too large, and cowboy boots, a size too small. He grunted and put the invitation aside. One by one, he opened advertisements for oil stock and uranium rights.

Gradually he waded through his correspondence. There was an invitation to speak at a women's club, and another to address a Little League Baseball dinner. His temples started to throb. Wearily he closed his eyes and sensed rather than saw the door open. He jerked himself into the semblance of a very busy man and met the grave blue eyes of a boy in blue jeans and a white T shirt.

"Mr. Edwin Kensington, British Consul, sir?" There was such awe in the boy's voice that Mr. Kensington unconsciously straightened his tie. He asked gruffly: "What is your business, boy?"

"Model soldiers, sir," the boy said. "Made in England—I collect them. The store that sold them went broke. I'd like to sell them to other boys at school, too, if I can order them direct. All I need is the firm's address, your honour."

"I'm not 'your honour'! I'm Mr. Kensington. Speak up. Who are you?"

"Jonas Stevens, sir. If you could help me——"

"Leave your address and I'll see."

But Jonas stood his ground with happy confidence. He said: "I looked up 'consul' in the dictionary, sir, and it said a consul promotes foreign trade and establishes friendly relations between two countries. I'm real friendly towards England and I have fifty dollars from my paper-round to do business with. See, here's one of the models."

Jonas placed a two-inch replica of a Coldstream Guardsman on the desk. Mr. Kensington, looking at it, could visualize the scene as the guard changed at Buckingham Palace. He remembered how excited and wide-eyed his son, Peter, had been so long ago. Jonas Stevens had that wide-eyed look.

He said: "Sit down, lad. I'll see what I can do to help."

A somewhat lengthy search produced a catalogue with the required address. Jonas copied it down carefully, and then said: "Thanks, Mr. Kensington. I've never met a real live consul before. I bet you've been in a lot of exciting places and known terribly important people."

"You've been to the cinema too often and looked at television too much," Mr. Kensington said severely. However, he sat a little taller after that, hearing again Peter's enraptured voice at eleven: "You actually saw the King at a garden party."

Edwin Kensington tried to shut those mental doors, swept open after so many years by a fresh breeze of a boy named Jonas. He knew he must send the lad packing before things got out of hand.

But Jonas had a plan. He said: "I'd like to take you to lunch, sir. I've saved up the money. Unless you have to eat with someone real important——"

His voice faltered and he turned away. On

Jonas glanced up from his double milk shake in s

the back of his T shirt, Mr. Kensington saw in red letters: EAGER BEAVER CLEANERS.

"For heaven's sake," Mr. Kensington said, "whatever is that on your shirt?"

Jonas beamed with pride. He said: "This is my Little League Baseball shirt. I just wear it for practice and special things, like meeting you. The team is sponsored by the Beaver Cleaners. It's the first year I've made a major team."

Mr. Kensington conceded momentary defeat. He put on his bowler hat and buttoned his coat. He said: "Let's get on with the lunch. I have a busy afternoon. . . ."

The Hamburger Roundup across the street would not have been Mr. Kensington's choice, but Jonas insisted that it was superduper. And that is how Her Majesty's consul met the American hamburger "with everything." At the first whiff of mustard and onion, Mr. Kensington felt his stomach protest, but it was

urprise. "No sir," he told Mr. Kensington, "my mother wasn't bitter. She was sad, but she says nobody should ever be bitter. . . . It gets you no place"

too late to draw back. He ate, washing down the spicy concoction with what the waitress assured him was tea.

He thought that perhaps if he talked to the boy, he could forget what he had eaten. He said: "What position do you play in the team? The game is much like cricket, no doubt."

Jonas wiped a stray piece of onion off his tanned cheek. He said: "Well, sir, I don't really play any position. I'm bench strength."

Mr. Kensington frowned. "Bench strength?"

The boy put his second hamburger down defiantly. He said: "I'm a substitute. I'd like to play left field, but I don't hit very good. The coach says every team is just as good as its bench strength."

Mr. Kensington could see again those blotted, misspelt letters from his own son at his preparatory school: *The Headmaster says we can't all be in the first eleven, and I do try very hard.*

Mr. Kensington forgot the hamburger. "Why can't you hit, Jonas?" he asked.

Jonas gulped down a pickle. "I'm afraid of the ball. I got hit two years ago. Just an accident in tryout."

"Surely your father could help you get over a fear of the ball."

"My father was killed on D-Day. I never knew him."

Mr. Kensington was silent for a while. Then he said awkwardly: "I'm sorry, Jonas. That must have been a bitter experience for your mother."

Jonas glanced up from his double milk shake in surprise. "No, sir," he said, "my mother wasn't bitter. She was sad, but she says nobody should ever be bitter. . . . It gets you no place."

"Your mother must be a remarkable woman."

"Oh, she's real keen. . . . Say, don't you want dessert? They have swell Tummy Busters here."

Mr. Kensington's stomach protested again. He inquired cautiously: "Is that its proper name?"

Jonas's eyes danced. He said quickly: "It's a jumbo sundae with four kinds of ice cream, whipped cream, chocolate sauce and cherries. It costs fifty cents, but you go right ahead and take one. I've got the money, sir."

Mr. Kensington was conscious of a strong feeling of nausea, but his impeccable good manners didn't desert him. He said: "Thank you, Jonas, I really couldn't. I am in your debt for a delightful lunch."

"Gee, you really liked it?" Jonas paid the bill proudly. "Thanks for helping me. Maybe you could come to see us sometime."

Mr. Kensington said yes, he would like to, and hurried back to the office. . . .

He spent his Saturday afternoon reading the local papers, pausing, without knowing why, on

THREE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES

Tansy's Bluebells

Fifty years ago men of real spirit were pioneers. Jane didn't think much of a chap who just brought flowers

by ROBERT HOLMES

Outlaw Boy

This truant would be hard to catch: he was on the run with a Mexican bandit

by BARRY PEROWNE

The Girl in the White Dress

Pilot Officer Hartington knew she was wonderful. Only one thing was wrong: her father was the Group Captain

by N. J. CRISP

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

the sports page when he saw a headline: LITTLE LEAGUE TEAMS ANNOUNCED. There it was in very small type: *Jonas Stevens—Eager Beavers.* During the rest of the day he found his thoughts returning frequently to Jonas and his baseball difficulties, and on Sunday he took out of the public library an armful of books on the game.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning Mrs. James Stevens rang him up. "You've been most kind to Jonas, Mr. Kensington," she said, after introducing herself. "I know you're busy, but won't you have dinner with us tomorrow night?"

Mr. Kensington panicked. He told himself that he didn't want to become involved with anyone, certainly not with an appealing boy like Jonas. And yet, in his heart, he badly wanted to go. He was lonely, and he couldn't think of Jonas without thinking of his own son too. If he could do anything to help the boy. . . .

He had no good excuse for refusing; and he reminded himself that, in the job he had now in this small Texas town, it was his job to further good international relations on even the humblest level.

He said that he would be delighted to come.

He found that Mrs. Stevens fitted her son's description, "keen." The dinner was spiced with the gaiety and humour only an eleven-year-old boy can generate, and the food was good, too. The roast beef was excellent, the rolls were hot and the salad crisp. And the tea. . . .

"We got it just for you, Mr. Kensington," Jonas told him eagerly. "Mom knows an Englishwoman who taught us how to make it."

"It's the first real cup of tea I have had in Texas, I assure you," Mr. Kensington said.

It was some little while later that the phone rang and Jonas returned to the table, the sparkle gone from his eyes. He said: "Knucklehead wants to borrow my new shirt for the dinner next week. Okay?"

His mother's face clouded. "But, Jonas, aren't you going to the Little League dinner? You know Mr. Harris at the drugstore said he'd take you."

"Yeah, I know," Jonas said miserably. "But —well, the other kids are going with their fathers. I guess I won't go."

Mr. Kensington remembered the invitation to speak at the Little League dinner. He had meant to ring up the chap and refuse, of course. But now, somewhere in the back of his mind, he wondered how often Peter had been lacking a father—a father who was a long way away, perhaps checking visas in Guatemala. . . .

"Jonas," he said, "tell your friend the shirt is not on loan. I am the guest speaker at that dinner. Naturally, I would not care to go alone. Perhaps you would do me the honour of coming with me?"

Jonas stared at Mr. Kensington as though he couldn't believe his ears. Then he rushed to the phone, and his triumphant voice drifted back to the dining-room. "Yeah, I'll be wearing it myself. . . . Sure, I'm going with the British consul. I'm not a liar. He's a friend of mine. . . . Yeah, see you around, Knucklehead."

Cary Stevens was silent, but her eyes said "Thank you."

Later, having built up his strength with two pieces of lemon pie, Jonas tackled the subject of the speech Mr. Kensington would make.

"You will tell how you were in the Battle of Britain and went to Dunkirk, and how you met the King once?" the boy said. "I just *know* you did all those things."

Mr. Kensington looked thoughtfully at his eager young host, not wanting to dampen his youthful idealism. "We'll see, Jonas," he said. "I'm afraid my own rôle in those days wasn't a very heroic one. I did take a boat over to Dunkirk, but it was a very small boat, and I only picked up seven men. That wasn't a very big contribution, believe me. But I'll do my best to make a speech equal to the occasion."

In the next week, Mr. Kensington gave much time and thought to his speech, for he was shy and not clever with words. But he gave little thought to his clothes. A dinner naturally meant a dinner jacket.

It was not until he escorted Jonas into the church recreation hall that he realized his mistake. The introductions were cordial, the handshakes genuine; but they came from men in casual sports shirts and slacks.

He murmured a word of apology to the chairman as he and Jonas were escorted to the speakers' table. "I say, I didn't know this was. . . ."

His host winked at Mr. Kensington. "You sure know your kids," he declared approvingly. "Why, if you hadn't turned up looking like you just came from the Queen's tea party, they'd have been mighty disappointed. . . ."

Then the pecan pie was gone to the last crumb, the league managers were introduced, and the guest speaker's moment had come.

". . . Our new friend in Texas, consul to Her Majesty, the Queen of England, Mr. Edwin Kensington!"

The applause rang out and Mr. Kensington was on his feet, looking into the eager faces of half a hundred American boys.

He spoke simply, telling them he was not an ambassador. "Consuls are, you know, not the first team," he said. "As you say in Little League circles, we are bench strength. We do not confer with prime ministers or Her Majesty the Queen. We do not wear ribbons of honour across our shirt fronts, as you see the ambassadors wearing them in the cinema. We confer with sea captains, importers, plain business men and Englishmen who have lost their passports. There is some excitement, but we have our dull days, just as your fathers do in their work."

He caught Jonas's eye and wondered how he could mention the subjects so dear to the boy's heart.

He went on: "I have been asked to say something about Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain. Well, now, those events are a long way off, and no nation can live on past glories. You must not imagine that in Britain we think only about those days all the time. After all, you only celebrate Independence Day once a year yourselves."

That raised a smile from his audience and, encouraged, he continued: "We are proud of the men who flew our fighter planes in those days, proud of the men who returned from Dunkirk to train a new army and fight back. It was a good job well done. We pay homage to those who died in that war—as you do."

Peter, his only son, had been killed at Dunkirk. That was his private grief. He could hardly mention that.

"But we must live in the present," he said in conclusion. "Our two countries face grave problems in a troubled world. We have no reason to be ashamed of our laurels, but we must not lean on them. If we stick together, we shall come through. . . ."

In his own ears it did not sound a very original speech, but at the end of it the applause reassured him. He should have felt refreshed, but tiredness still dogged him—the tiredness of a man who had walked far, and had not yet reached his destination.

The success of the speech wasn't confined to the dinner. In the days that followed, Mr. Kensington's business increased noticeably. Men who had attended the dinner dropped into his office. There were inquiries about English bicycles, Scotch tweeds, Sheffield steel and Spode china. And within a fortnight, Mr. Kensington had moved from his dreary hotel to a pleasant suburban apartment that Cary Stevens found for him.

But he could not get the problem of Jonas out of his mind.

He went to a Little League practice and realized that Jonas had indeed told the truth. When the boy came to bat, he gripped the wood with sweaty, determined hands. Repeatedly he flinched from a fast ball. The rest of the team watched silently, but their eyes said much.

Mr. Kensington spoke to Mr. McGill, the coach. He said worriedly: "Jonas fields well, but a fast ball seems to put him off. Bad thing, y'know."

"I've tried everything," Mr. McGill said. "I put him on this team, thinking it would give him confidence. I had our best batsman miss the ball just to show him that even star players aren't perfect. I've talked, I've reasoned, but nothing works. The kid's scared."

Mr. Kensington made patterns in the dust with the point of his furled umbrella. He ventured to say diffidently: "Perhaps if I just hung about—the boy has no father—it might encourage him." So Mr. Kensington hung

Continued on page 35

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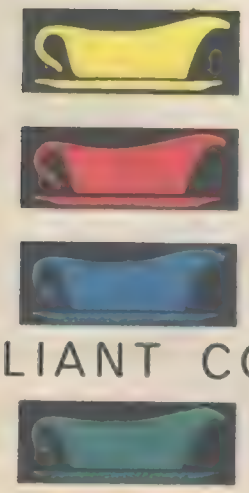

OVEN GLASS ?

Yes...but only Phoenix looks as gay as this !

BRILLIANT COLOUR – THAT'S **PHOENIX**

THESE MEN ARE DANGEROUS (5)

by DERRICK HARRISON, M.C.

Victory—so we shave in champagne

Our will-o'-the-wisp war was coming to an end. Everywhere we harried the enemy in retreat. Then there was one thing left to do—celebrate

How I could possibly obey the order, I had no idea. I read again the words on my signaller's pad. "Contact the French Army headquarters. Urgent."

We were fifty miles behind the enemy lines in France. Where were the headquarters? No one knew. And for security reasons the French commander—General de Lattre de Tassigny—wanted to keep his movements secret. It was up to us to find him.

Fears, soon to be realized, that we had started a fantastic game of hide and seek gripped me as our jeeps left camp, bumped through the surrounding forest and reached a narrow road lined with beech trees, golden in the clear morning sun.

Central France that September of 1944, as the war in Europe neared its critical, decisive climax, was not the place for chasing somebody who was determined to be elusive. It was one vast battlefield, changing hourly.

The Germans were fighting desperately to halt the invasion which rolled in eastwards from Normandy, and from the south, where there was an American army and the French army.

As members of the Special Air Service, a unique regiment of spies and saboteurs in uniform, we had the job of crippling the enemy's resistance by ambushing road convoys, blowing up trains, wrecking power and telephone systems. Throughout Occupied France, S.A.S. units were doing this with such ruthlessness that Hitler had decreed that if any of us were captured we were to be treated as terrorists. That meant execution.

My unit numbered two hundred, had fifty-five jeeps armed with machine-guns, and ranged to about fifty miles round our camp—or at least it did until rainy nights, with clouds hugging the mountains, stopped the R.A.F. from dropping supplies of petrol.

So scarce was petrol that when the order came to contact the French, and I decided to take Lieutenant Roy Close and his patrol of two jeeps with me, we had to drain the tanks of other jeeps. There was enough for just 150 miles. "That," I said to Roy, "should get us to Autun."

Our plan was to dodge the Germans by keeping to side roads. But, as eventful weeks behind the lines had already taught us, the enemy's whereabouts could not be forecast.

Soon after leaving camp, we were racing down a hill outside Brassy and were about to cross a railway line when I glanced at a house on our left. In the garden, which backed on to the line, was a wedding party. Among the guests round the bride and groom, laughing, talking and holding champagne glasses, were six or seven Nazi officers.

Our jeeps, with Union Jacks streaming from the wireless aerials, tore past them. Everyone turned. The Germans' mouths opened in astonishment. One of the officers reached to pull out his revolver.

The level crossing gates ahead of us were open. "Step on it, Brearton," I roared to my driver.

We jolted across the line, climbed the next hill and rounded a corner, out of sight.

Safely, we reached Nevers and, in the afternoon, through wooded valleys, past vineyards and castles, we came to Autun. A plump, swarthy cobbler—a member of the local Resistance—to whom we spoke, shook his head when we asked about the general.

"They say he's over to the south-west. Why not try Antully?"

Our petrol tanks were almost empty. Whatever made us search a scrap-metal yard for petrol I do not know, but we found three huge cylinders of it. They were full—enough to take us six hundred miles.

But the general was not in Antully.

We pulled off the road and rested in a wood for four hours, then drove on, headlamps ablaze in the darkness, through grey, stone-built hamlets, each asleep, wrapped in an eerie silence. Gunfire echoed round beyond the mountains. Streaks of light, as if from a thunderstorm, lit the sky.

Suddenly, with the dawn, we sensed a complete change of atmosphere, a feeling of elation. Villagers were up and about, the streets were busy even at five in the morning. Bunches of flowers were thrown into our jeeps. A woman invited us to share her family's breakfast.

Incredibly, and unknowingly, we had slipped through the front lines unscathed. We were now in an area which had been liberated. The French army, and its commander, could not be far away.

At Mâcon, an elderly, white-aproned baker, sunning himself outside his shop, said that he had seen the general. "He left yesterday, heading north."

So north we turned, up the rich valley of the River Saône, past some of Burgundy's finest wine-producing towns—Puligny, Beaune, Nuits St. Georges. The sun beat down harshly from a cloudless sky. Choking clouds of white dust swirled up from the road, reddening our eyes and parching our throats as we drove between convoys of French troops bound for the front.

Eighty hot, exhausting miles on, we reached Dijon. It had the haggard air of a town immediately behind the lines.

"The general's here," a French captain told us. "I can take you to his headquarters. But first we must eat."

"We have orders to report at once," I protested.

"I insist."

He took us to a restaurant, sat us down

Jubilant villagers threw a liberation party when Roy Close (seated) arrived with a patrol. They decorated streets and his jeep with flowers, and wore Sunday best. Then German troops appeared

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

As we sped towards the level crossing, the wedding guests stared, astonished. I saw one of the Nazis drawing his gun. "Step on it, Brearton," I roared

among his officers and ordered an enormous meal which went on for course after course, each with the appropriate wine. Perhaps it was just as well that when we had finished we were relaxed, happy and ready for anything. It helped us to stand the shock we got at the general's headquarters.

General de Lattre de Tassigny had billeted himself in the best hotel in the town. Dishevelled, covered with dust, unshaven and looking like tramps, Roy, Corporal Barongelle, a French member of the S.A.S. who acted as our interpreter, and I, felt out of place and uncomfortable in the luxurious surroundings. An officer, smiling and suave, led us up a wide gilded staircase, along carpeted corridors and introduced us to another officer.

"My colleague will take you to our intelligence room."

There, the second officer explained how the campaign was going. "In three days," he said, pointing dramatically at a wall map studded with flags, "the French and American armies will switch positions. We'd like you to go ahead of our lines, reconnoitre and probe the way for our next advance."

I was staggered. I could hardly believe it. We had walked into the hotel and, simply by saying that we came from the S.A.S., had been given the latest news of the invasion and told of a top secret change in plans. Not one person anywhere had challenged us or asked for proof of our identities.

Appalled at our allies' total lack of security, I felt that to go ahead of the French lines could well mean suicide for every man in our unit.

"For all he knew," I said to Roy as we left the headquarters, holding maps of front line positions which had actually been given to us, "we could have been German agents. Suppose that the enemy *did* find out where we were? What would be our chances?"

"Let's get back to camp. We'll carry on as we are."

I agreed.

Next morning, the murmur of a large crowd woke us—"Everyone seems very glad at the liberation," remarked Roy—and we accelerated down the drive of the house which had been our billet for the night. Quickly we turned into the road.

Both pavements were packed with wildly cheering civilians. There seemed to be no reason for the excitement, except perhaps us, so I waved back.

Then Brearton happened to glance over his shoulder. "Don't look now," he grinned, "but we're being followed."

I looked round. What I saw horrified me. Behind us was a big French staff car. And in

Harrison with his wife and their daughters Patricia, aged fourteen, and Valerie, eleven. During his service with the S.A.S., Harrison's mail from home was dropped to him with military supplies

it, saluting to left and right, sat General de Gaulle, the French commander-in-chief. Behind him, into the distance, stretched a vast line of tanks, lorries, guns, armoured vehicles and marching soldiers.

We were leading his victory parade.

Never have I been more embarrassed. I huddled in my seat, trying to look as small as I felt, staring straight ahead and pretending that despite our scruffy uniforms and mud-splashed jeeps we had every right to be part of the procession.

With thoughts of our mistake flaring into an international incident, I urged Brearton to put on speed. Slowly, painfully slowly, it seemed, we drew ahead of the general. When we were a whole street in front of him I saw our escape route—a side turning—on our left. "Down there."

We pushed through the bewildered crowds. Their ranks closed again. We stopped. Over the heads of the citizens of Dijon, with immense relief, we watched the parade go by.

The general was still saluting as if nothing had happened. . . .

By the time we had returned through the lines into enemy territory and reached camp, we had been away for four days and covered more than seven hundred miles. We heard stories of targets which had got away because the unit's jeeps had no petrol.

Then our signaller, Corporal Danger, looked up from his radio. "A message has come through, sir. Will you help me decode it?"

I started to read aloud the groups of letters that he had pencilled down.

"This is about a drop," he began.

Even as he spoke, we heard the drone of planes. Together we ran to the field which was our dropping-zone. Eight aircraft, one after the other, flew in low, parachuting their loads.

When they had gone, torpedo-like containers filled with eight hundred gallons of petrol lay scattered over the grass. We were operational again. . . .

My left hand was in a splint because I had broken my middle finger while parachuting into France, and my right hand was bandaged after wounds I had got in a fight with Germans the previous month. I couldn't go on offensive patrols myself, but Lieutenant Oates—inevitably nicknamed Titus—was among our men who at once left camp, machine-guns loaded, to resume the hunt.

The Germans, it seemed, were critically short of fuel, too. No sooner had Titus and his patrol laid an ambush by putting their jeeps on a bank overlooking the Nevers-Autun road than along came a convoy. What a difference it was from the proud strings of lorries the S.A.S. had met on first crossing the Channel! The slow-plodding, rather pathetic procession consisted of horse-drawn carts.

By coincidence, it stopped right in front of the patrol's guns. Titus waited while the horses were unhitched and taken away for watering. He chuckled when officers who clearly hadn't the slightest knowledge of handling animals chased one which had broken loose.

Then he ordered, "Fire."

Instantly, the quiet road became a terrible scene of men falling wounded, or running for cover, horses rearing and snorting with fright, carts bursting into flames as tracer and incendiary bullets ripped through them.

Fourteen carts were ablaze when the patrol took cover in a nearby wood and went on to look for more targets.

Most convoys, of course, were not dealt with so easily. By this stage of the war the enemy had suffered bitterly from the will-o'-the-wisp campaign being waged against them. Knowing only too well that they might run into a death-trap—sprung by the Maquis, if not by the S.A.S.—round any corner at any time of the day or night, they had grown much more alert and ready to fight back.

Peter Davis was leading a patrol of twenty-one men and seven jeeps when a car full of German officers suddenly appeared round the next bend. Behind it marched 350 soldiers.

The road was narrow. There was room enough for only the two leading jeeps to stand side by side. At once, their guns spurted into action. The car slewed to a halt, its passengers dead. The German troops leaped into ditches bordering the road and started shooting with rifles.

"Take six men round the right flank," Peter shouted to Sergeant Mitchell. "I'll take six round the left."

Under a vicious hail of fire, the S.A.S. men crawled through tall grass to within thirty yards of the ditches, firing carbines and hurling grenades.

Still the Germans put up a stiff resistance. Urgently, Peter signalled to one of the jeeps to come down the road to spray the ditches with bullets.

The Germans fled, panic-stricken, the way they had come. They left behind three dead and three wounded.

Peter ran to the car, searched it while snipers' bullets ricocheted around him and snatched a brief-case of maps and documents. He decided to see what bluff could do. Going up to one of the wounded, he said: "This is just a sample of what's to come. We're the advance guard of the invasion force."

The S.A.S. patrol went off to a hill dominating the same road two miles away.

In the evening, a much larger convoy of thirty civilian cars, scout cars and five-ton lorries drove into sight. The Germans were obviously ready for something big. The lorries towed twenty-millimetre cannons.

The moment the entire convoy could be seen, the patrol's guns opened up furiously, aiming at the vehicles at each end and traversing inwards. Within fifteen seconds the Germans braked and retaliated. Two of the jeeps were hit, their engines wrecked.

German infantry, crouching low, darted up the hill. Two of them pounced on Corporal Connor. "Hands up!"

He dropped his carbine. One of the enemy thrust a rifle into the corporal's back; the other roughly grabbed his wrists.

Suddenly there was a gigantic roar and a vivid column of light. A scorching blast showered them with earth and almost threw them to the ground. A German mortar bomb had landed only a few yards away.

Seizing advantage of the confusion, Connor wrenched himself from his captor's grasp, wheeled, kicked him in the stomach and jumped free.

In the first five minutes the S.A.S. guns fired four thousand rounds. The infantry were beaten back.

Then the German scout cars revved into action. Guns bristling, they swung off the road and made across a field, hoping to outflank the patrol.

Peter turned to his men. It was not the job of the S.A.S. to stop and fight pitched battles. Always outnumbered, their lives depended on hit-and-run cunning.

"Back to camp," he ordered.

They jumped into their five remaining jeeps. So quickly did they leave that the Germans did not notice they had gone, and fired at the hill for another hour and a half.

Later, a Maquis courier gave the results of the ambush.

"Two lorries and a staff car were burned out. Fifteen vehicles had to be towed away," he said. "Three ambulances made trip after trip, taking the dead and wounded to the nearest town, La Charité."

Peter's second attack in one day convinced the Germans that his tale of an invasion force was true. The survivors of the convoy rushed to La Charité and wasted time and energy building barricades, setting up anti-tank guns and machine-gun posts.

By then, Peter was sitting at his camp fire with his men, calmly having a late supper and reading the papers from the stolen brief-case. The details of troop movements which they

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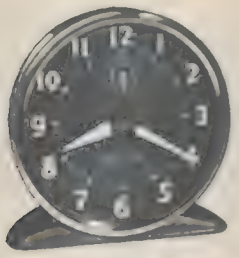

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gave be radioed to our headquarters at Moor Park, Hertfordshire. . . .

The pace of events quickened. As the front lines drew nearer to us, probes, attacks, counter-attacks and retreats followed each other in swift succession.

Meetings with the enemy in the maze of twisting, leafy lanes around the camp became more frequent.

Titus, having heard that copies of the *Guide Michelin* were on sale in a village—these books, we had soon found, were more reliable than War Office maps—took out a patrol to buy them.

Unfortunately, since his last trip to the village the Germans had moved in and started to build a temporary road block. Trestles and barbed wire extended over one half of the road; some thirty feet behind them was more wire barring the other half of the road.

The surprise of the encounter was mutual. The S.A.S. jeeps were going too fast to stop, and the Germans were too amazed and unprepared to do anything. Before they had regained their wits, Titus and his men had zig-zagged between both barriers.

Another S.A.S. party, faced with a similar block, pretended to be Germans. Singing "Lilli Marlene" loudly and cheerfully, they were through and away before the ruse was noticed.

PERHAPS the strangest encounter of all, though, was when Roy Close and his patrol were driving along, and heard a sharp explosion ahead. Turning a corner, they saw a dozen men of the Maquis standing round a tree which lay sprawled across a field.

The leader of the group was an R.A.F. sergeant, and his greeting was one of despair. "Thank heaven you're here," he said. "Whenever I blow up a tree and try to get it across a road, it always falls in the wrong direction."

Roy showed him that it was only a question of using two charges—a large one in the same side of the trunk as the road and a smaller one a little higher on the opposite side.

Then it turned out that the sergeant needed lessons in another type of sabotage. "Which way have you come?" he asked.

"Along that road," said Roy, pointing.

"Oh, no," he groaned. "I've mined it."

He explained how he came to be with the Maquis. "My plane was shot down. I linked up with this group and their leader was killed by the Jerries. I took over from him."

He was thoroughly enjoying himself as the "C.O." of a fighting unit and firmly turned down Roy's offer of repatriation.

Other crashed aircrew we met seemed to be much keener to get home. In all, the S.A.S. fed eighteen of them into Maquis escape organizations—chains of civilians which could be either astoundingly efficient or, if links were weak, bring capture and certain death.

A pair of airmen who had baled out over the Ardennes were betrayed to the Gestapo when the pluck of their farmer host failed.

Sometimes, it happened that our own men had the grim excitement of putting their lives in the hands of the Maquis. Two of them were Corporals Norman and Morrison.

Their mission was doomed from the start. Germans attacked their group as it parachuted down. Seven of their companions were captured and shot as spies. Norman and Morrison managed to get through the cordon which had been flung round the dropping-zone, and set off to walk 120 miles to the Channel coast.

For twelve long days they dodged German patrols and convoys until one night they arrived at a farm. The farmer gave them a meal and civilian clothes.

"The Allied armies are near," he assured them. "Hide in the wood at the end of my fields and you will be safe. I'll tell the Maquis about you."

Two nights afterwards, his son came to them. "Things are bad. The Maquis here are on the run. We'll put you in touch with someone else."

That someone was the headmaster of the local school. "I have got a message through to London," he said. "Everything is ready to fly you home."

The men's hopes soared. Norman and Morrison waited anxiously for his next visit, but days passed without any sign of him. Then the son brought two young women to the hideout.

"We are colleagues of the headmaster," said one of them in perfect English. "We're sorry to have to tell you that he has been arrested by the Gestapo and executed."

Executed! Had the headmaster betrayed them under torture? Perhaps the women were German agents. . . ?

Norman and Morrison wondered if it would be safer to move on and try their luck somewhere else. Their worst fears seemed justified when they left the farmhouse after having a meal, and were walking back to their wood.

A German officer came briskly up the path towards them.

Determined to bluff out the situation if possible, Morrison started to go straight past him. Norman hurried across the farmyard and busily shooed some ducks away from a pond.

The officer ignored them. As it happened, he merely wanted some black-market butter.

They saw the schoolteachers again. The women were genuine members of the Maquis and drove up to the farm as passengers in a jeep. The American Army had arrived.

Four days later, Norman and Morrison's ordeal ended. They were back in Britain.

As a rule, the Maquis showed the same brand of daring, the same courage and imagination as the S.A.S.

In the Vosges, two German military policemen were on duty at a fork in a main road when a couple of Maquisards captured them, changed into their uniforms—and deliberately sent convoys speeding down the wrong road.

While the muddle was being sorted out, a senior German officer went into a nearby café and laid his maps on a chair beside his table. Another member of the Maquis openly sat at a nearby table, from where he copied the enemy position marked on them. This news was passed to the S.A.S., who radioed it to Moor Park.

But there were also unreliable Maquis, and my most difficult conversation happened when they asked for supplies to be dropped to them.

One such caller at our camp was a pleasant, curly haired man in blue denims. "I need guns and ammunition," he said. "All that can be spared."

I CHECKED with Moor Park. The reply came by the next transmission: "He must not be helped in any way." He had never been really willing to fight the Germans, and wanted arms only for his own protection. He had, therefore, been struck off the list of useful allies.

Partly to avoid this kind of unpleasantness, and partly for security reasons—a Frenchman, angry when aid had been refused him, might betray us—we tried to keep away from the Maquis as much as we could.

Ordinary civilians, however, could not be avoided. We met them almost every day, and they reacted to our presence with joyful welcomes whenever they caught a glimpse of us. I tried to reason with one man who had gone nearly delirious, jigging around, waving a Tricolor. I reminded him that we were working behind the enemy lines, that we were not directly linked with the main armies, and that our arrival in his village did not mean that the war was over.

He pointed at my jeep. "I suppose," he said sceptically, "*that* came by parachute, too."

It had—but he would not believe it.

These demonstrations soon became our continual problem. They were well-meant but foolish. The villagers put themselves, their families and their homes in the greatest danger. The German method of punishing patriotism was to shoot hostages, deport husbands and sons, and to set fire to houses.

One morning, after Roy's patrol had stopped at a village and been billeted in sumptuous comfort in a château, the entire place was transformed. Banners were strung across the street. Flags were put out. Everyone wore his or her Sunday best. Flowers were scattered in the paths of the jeeps.

A table covered with a linen cloth had been put in front of the church door. On it stood bottles of champagne and glasses. Behind it sat the local priest and dignitaries, obviously ready for a session of speechmaking.

The patrol looked at these preparations with alarm. Germans might arrive in the village at any moment.

"This is going to be tricky," Roy muttered to Barongelle, his interpreter. "How can we tell them the truth without hurting their feelings?"

As the ceremony was about to begin, Barongelle got up to speak. He praised the charm of the countryside, the beauty of the village, the patriotism of the French, the invincibility of the Allies.

"We are only a small, isolated

HEROES—I

Every hero becomes a bore at last.

R. W. Emerson

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Rawlplugs in handy 1/- boxes, or complete outfits from 3/-. Rawlplug Durium tipped masonry drills with the new process carbide tip; drill all types of masonry and tiles.

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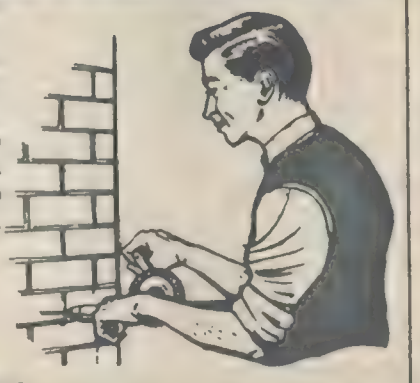


RAWLPLUG DURIUM Registered Trade Mark

TIPPED MASONRY DRILLS

A221

unit," he went on, "and don't deserve all this fuss."

Luckily, the priest guessed what was meant. He leaped from the table.

"Down with the decorations!" he shouted. "Back to your homes! Liberation is not yet here!"

Champagne, glasses, table and cloth disappeared. The banners and flags were ripped down. Villagers scrambled to pick up the flowers. The priest himself helped in this job and went along, gathering up large bunches and loading them on to his bicycle.

He had just picked up the last few blooms when he met a German patrol. The officer in charge stopped him. "Why have you got so many flowers?" he demanded.

"I hoped they would cheer up my sick parishioners."

"A very large number of your parishioners must be feeling sick."

"They are," the priest replied dryly.

The Germans drove on. They reached the village centre. The S.A.S. patrol had left. Everything was quiet. The streets were empty. Behind lace curtains, the breathless population watched the enemy go by and waited for the real day of freedom. . . .

DAZED and half-defeated, the German Army was now retreating across our area on its way to the Belfort Gap—the escape route to the Fatherland. Maquis reports of units that had lost the will to fight came in constantly, but rounding up prisoners was not by any means as easy as it sounded.

"Three hundred of the enemy are at Molfrey," said a courier to Lieutenant Ted Badger. "They want to surrender."

Ted came across the Germans—a dejected group holding rifles—and tied a white handkerchief to a stick. Leaving the cover of his jeep, he walked to parley with them.

At the last minute, the Germans thought they would resist. Ted flung himself to the ground as they opened up with a storm of bullets. His two jeeps started to return the fire as he ran back to them.

Six men against three hundred.

The jeeps reversed among some trees, shooting as they went, and circled for an hour, defying attempts to outflank them. Shortly after dark, the enemy decided to give in after all. Those who were still alive and could walk stumbled forward. Ted counted. There were only seventy-six.

We had to remember that although many of the Germans at that time were ragged shadows of their former selves, a week or two at home would put them back in fighting form. We would have to meet them again in the push for Berlin. We caught them as they fled across the roads, bridges, fields and woods. For their own protection, they did not move in convoys, but went in small parties, re-forming at each town or small village.

Captain Bridgeford, our engineer officer, hunting near St. Amand, heard that a party had gone to an island in the middle of a river and was planning to finish the crossing that night. He raked the island with tracer and incendiary bullets, setting fire to the trees and undergrowth. No one left after that. . . .

The tide of invasion touched us. I was at a garage in Cosne, working on my jeep, when an armoured car pulled up. An American lieutenant with crew-cut hair, his chin unshaven and eyes sore through lack of sleep, peered out of the gun turret.

"Capt'n, where are the Germans round here?"

I looked at him blankly. He gave a low, apologetic laugh. "Sorry, I must introduce myself. We're an advance patrol of a combat team."

"Can I see your identity card?"

"Sure."

It seemed all right. I handed it back. "Well," I said, "there are plenty of Germans only a few miles away, on the other side of the River Loire. Thirty thousand of them."

He whistled. "Thirty thousand! But you aren't even carrying a revolver."

I explained that the enemy were completely demoralized. We no longer thought we needed guns for our own safety. Even on operations a few weeks earlier we had held a birthday party for Bob Melot, our intelligence officer, at Saulieu. Paddy Mayne—commander of the unit and holder of four D.S.O.s—our squadron commander Tony Marsh, the M.O., Padre McLusky, Roy, myself and other officers had openly driven to a large hotel.

"A pity you didn't come earlier," I continued. "You could have had some cigarettes from the Y.M.C.A. van."

The lieutenant grinned. "My leg can't be pulled that far."

Yet it was no joke. The van had come through to us, and we had agreed to give it an escort if it made further trips. . . .

Within a week, an order came from Britain to move northwards to Brussels. Our procession included fifteen private cars. Less conspicuous than jeeps, they had been ideal for driving past Germans unnoticed. Some had been captured from the enemy; one had been given to us by a French count. The remainder, it was rumoured, had been bought simply by handing over notes stating: "Churchill will pay."

Such was the Prime Minister's reputation that as long as the notes bore a British officer's signature the French accepted them quite happily. After the war they were honoured.

Our mission to France completed, we crossed the frontier into Belgium at the beginning of October.

Between June and September, 1944, the S.A.S. had killed or wounded 760 Germans, captured 3,232 others, supplied arms to more than 2,500 Maquis, derailed or destroyed fifty-seven trains and railway trucks, cut forty-three railway lines and wrecked ninety-two staff cars, armoured vehicles and lorries. The R.A.F. had been given details of twenty-nine targets, including a flying-bomb site, a radio station, and a barracks in which they killed three hundred troops.

Lieutenant-General "Boy" Browning, Commander of the Airborne Corps, said in a message broadcast from London: "It is considered that the operations you have carried out have had more effect in hastening the disintegration of the German Seventh and Fifth Armies than any other single effort in the army.

"Considering the numbers involved, you have done a job which, I fully believe, no other troops in the world could have done."

A chance to celebrate came in Brussels when our unit was approached by a would-be volunteer connected with a famous brandy distilling firm. His agent saw to it that we were extremely well off for not only brandy, but for other drinks.

In fact, the cupboards of our billet were so crammed with bottles that we washed and shaved in vintage champagne. It seemed the sort of thing that victors ought to do.

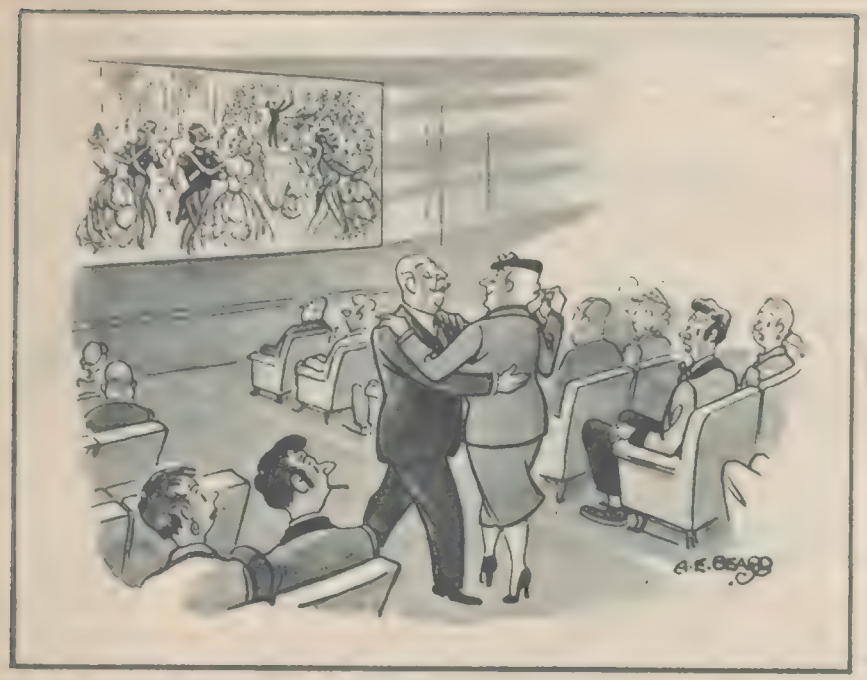
THE END

"These Men Are Dangerous," by Derrich Harrison, will be published as a book by Cassell on September 19

Ah—!

by ROMILLY PARADYNE

The smell of earth new-washed by rain,
Wild roses in a country lane.
Night-scented stock, soaked thick with dew,
Aroma of an Irish stew.
Chrysanthemum's astringent reek
(And, let's be frank, a cooking leek!).
Perfumes from Paris, scented soap,
Sweet lavender in Chest of Hope—
But *this* ranks first of all with me:
The fragrance of a cup of tea.



Scientist in the underworld

Continued from page 15

waiting to be pulled to the surface. He heard a faint clattering noise against the walls of the shaft and dodged back into the tunnel just as a 12 lb. piece of metal shot past his head. Stumbling, he accidentally wrenched a piece of wire from one of his gauges. "I was so annoyed with myself about that," he says, "that by the time I fixed the wire back in place I completely forgot to ask if anyone had been trying to kill me."

Live rails bring another danger to Ward and his team. Although current is switched off in the tunnel where they are working, adjoining tunnels sometimes remain in use throughout the night. "They all look exactly alike in the dark," says Ward. "We have to be careful not to lose our way."

There has been one accident. One man had an electric shock through his body when he forgot which tunnel he was in.

Says Ward: "He was wearing leather shoes, so it didn't hurt much. Anyway, he went on working that night."

Ward's underground experiments are aimed at finding a method of design applicable to tunnel-building at any depth and in any soil conditions. He has found that pressure on the tunnels varies with the depth. At Hampstead, where they are 192 feet beneath the surface, it is more than ten tons per square foot. On the South Bank of the Thames, where the Shell oil company is to build a skyscraper, the level of the tunnel below is likely to rise by more than one inch when earth is removed for the foundations. "Nobody has ever bothered to find out about these huge differences in stress," says Ward. "It seems to have been sheer luck the original engineers of the tubes hit on a safe formula for the tunnel linings."

Special care has to be taken with tunnels built under rivers. The weight of the tide causes differences in pressure on the ground nearby. In London, roads and buildings on the embankment sink one-eighth of an inch with every tide. If there is a sand or gravel bottom, the tunnels have to be pressurized to stop the walls collapsing. But if the pressure is built up too high, the air can force a hole upwards through the tunnel and into the river. In 1935 a man was caught in one such burst through the Thames and floated to the surface of the river still alive.

To measure such changes in load on tunnel linings, Ward has refined several types of gauges. One meter consists of the E string of a violin inside a metal canister which changes its note when the strain is released or increased. It is accurate to one-millionth of an inch. Ward designed another gauge after buying the tensioners off wing struts from first World War aeroplanes.

Ward was trained at London University, where he gained a B.Sc. in civil engineering. He was born in Westminster in 1917, went to a council school near his home, and, after university, joined a civil engineering firm where he was put in charge of building part of a large wartime factory.

The rest of the war he spent with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, specializing in soil mechanics, and travelling all over Great Britain to advise builders, architects and engineers on the types of foundations needed for new buildings.

Investigating war damage claims in 1945, he discovered that many cases of severe cracking in houses were not caused by bomb blast, but by the roots of nearby trees which had taken moisture from the ground and made the level fall by up to six inches. To prove his point to dissatisfied householders, he made a film showing the subsidence. Then he invented a type of foundation which has since solved the problem in ten thousand new houses.

WARD'S reputation for working in unpleasant conditions stems partly from his hobby—the study of glacier behaviour. As a member of the British Glaciological Society, he has been on expeditions to Norway, Canada and Switzerland.

Having worked on his own for long periods, he usually pays no attention to construction going on around him while he carries out his experiments. When he arrived one night to find that workmen had accidentally drilled a row of holes through four gauges which had taken several days to install, he made no comment. "It wouldn't have helped," he says.

But once, shortly after he started in the Underground, he felt justified in protesting. For three days he had been working during the day-time. Train drivers in adjoining tunnels, seeing unexpected chinks of light from Ward's team, constantly slowed down or stopped to see what was going on, and reported the incident at the next station. "I was disorganizing the schedule on that line," he says.

To avoid causing trouble, he decided to fit his gauges at night. The next evening he stepped off the last train and began to walk down the tunnel. Ten minutes later he was starting to work when every light went off and he was left in complete darkness. The train had completed its journey and the electricity had been switched off. "There was no way out," says Ward. "The nearest station was locked, and I didn't intend risking a broken leg trying to walk to the end of the tunnel."

Ward had four hours in the darkness to think up what he was going to say to the official who had switched off the current. "We don't know precisely what words he used," says a scientist who was with Ward in the tunnel that night. "But we have never been without electricity since." THE END

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ENJOY WHOLE FRESH Oranges

- they're ten times as good for you!

Only the meat of the fresh fruit itself can give you ALL the health value of oranges. Ten times as good for you! Ten times as delicious!

Refreshing, tangy, Mediterranean Grapefruit — a treat and a tonic too — are at the peak of perfection, enjoy them now!

Enjoy Sweet Juicy
MEDITERRANEAN ORANGES
the world's finest

Mr. Kensington's finest hour

Continued from page 24

around every afternoon. After a while he began to bring his old first-aid kit and dispense bandages, chewing gum and a horrible-smelling liniment. He addressed all the team members as "Mr.," not being very familiar with such nicknames as "Stinky," "Knucklehead" and "Butch." The boys in turn called him "Kensy," which he permitted because it gave him a warm feeling of belonging to the team, though in what capacity he wasn't quite sure.

However, his faithful attendance at practice did not improve Jonas's batting. "I just don't know," McGill said. "If Jonas can't hit, I've gotta send him down to the minor league. Otherwise it's not fair to the team. You can see that, Kensy."

Mr. Kensington watched Jonas trailing behind the other Eager Beavers as they left the field. The boy stopped and rubbed dirt into his white uniform.

"I say, McGill, why is he doing that?"

The coach shook his head. "All the kids that hit and run and score go home dirty as a tar pit. Jonas puts his own dirt on, so that his mother will think he's been playing instead of sitting on the bench."

"I see," Mr. Kensington said. "Well, Jonas is not going back to the minors. We shall muddle through somehow."

He went home and made himself a pot of tea. He realized that it was not going to be easy to deal with such a knotty problem.

He read again the Little League book of rules. The boys had to wear protective headgear. Jonas realized he could not get hurt. No, it wasn't physical fear.

Then, suddenly, he felt as though, by sheer accident, he had stumbled on a clue.

He was thinking now of his father, Roger Kensington. Vividly he recalled that aristocratic presence. Roger Kensington had been a brilliant athlete. And he had expected the same superlative performance from his son.

Edwin Kensington tasted again the fear that had made his mouth dry and his feet heavy on that long-ago day when his father had come to the school cricket match.

Of course, Edwin Kensington was playing. How could they leave out the son of such a distinguished athlete? And he had played, knowing he was not good enough, knowing his team would not win; knowing his team mates resented his clumsiness.

He could hear again his father's hearty outdoor voice roaring down at a boy small for his age and humiliated with defeat: "You didn't try, Edwin. You let the team down." There, at that moment, he had lost faith in his own ability.

His father had also said: "Never admit you're not the best, Edwin. Top drawer, y'know." That was the hour when his wide-eyed honesty turned to deception, as he tried to cover up his faults and fears. . . .

MR. KENSINGTON found that his tea had grown cold. He also found a complete picture of himself he had never dared look at before—the picture of a man who had feared his job was too big for him. He had never asked for or received larger posts from the Foreign Office; so that now the job had grown small enough to fit him.

He shook himself into an awareness of the present and poured out a fresh cup of tea. He had come to know himself. He had come to know, too, what he must do for Jonas. . . .

There was no practice on the day of the game, but Mr. Kensington met Jonas after school and suggested they have an early supper, since his mother would be working late.

The cafeteria was almost deserted when Jonas put down his tray in a corner booth. On it were steak, baked potato, green salad, milk and custard. Jonas took his training rules seriously, and glanced at the clock to be sure he was eating two hours before the game.

"I guess it doesn't matter, though," he said with obvious relief. "I won't have to play. The pitcher says he can't eat much before a game, just like before a battle. I guess you didn't eat much, either, that time you went to Dunkirk."

Mr. Kensington said: "I ate what my ration book allowed." How should he start, he wondered.

Jonas cut into his steak. "I sure wish I were grown up and had a finest hour, like you did."

Carefully, Mr. Kensington buttered his baked potato. "Jonas," he said, "Dunkirk was not my finest hour. It was to others who went, but not to me."

"But jeepers, you were a hero. All that bombing, and you weren't afraid to go right across the Channel."

Mr. Kensington said quietly: "Jonas, a man's finest hour is the hour in which he rises above himself, even if he is only bench strength, and does what seems impossible. He does it without fear. And when it is over, he feels the triumph and pride of success."

Jonas, in his surprise, left his fork upright in his salad. He said: "You never had handled a launch before, but you went anyway."

"So I did," Mr. Kensington said. "But what I have never told you, Jonas, is the terrible fear I felt, the panic, the wanting to turn back."

The boy's eyes silently searched Mr. Kensington's face. At last he said: "I never knew grown-ups got scared. But even if you did," he went on defiantly, "you brought back seven men. That's what counts."

"Yes, I brought back seven," Mr. Kensington said, "but they were the sons of other men. You see, I did not bring back my own son, Peter. I didn't even know he was at Dunkirk. He was killed on the beach."

Jonas was silent again, for a long while this time. Then he said gravely: "I'm sorry, sir, about your son. I guess it was like my father. Maybe he died doing what he most wanted to do."

"Yes." Mr. Kensington nodded. "I think you may have something there."

The boy's stubby fingers gripped his knife as though it were a baseball bat. "You were afraid. But you got over it."

"Yes, Jonas, I got over it. . . ."

The early game between the Eager Beavers and the Tidwell Tigers was called for seven o'clock. The Tigers were there with full bench strength, with coach, with manager.

He could also see that only nine Eager Beavers were warming up. He knew the manager was out of town on business, but where was Mr. McGill?

By this time Mr. Kensington carried the Little League rule book in his head. He knew full well that without one adult to supervise them, the game could not be played.

Finally, the director intoned over the loudspeaker: "Mr. Ralph McGill, coach of the Eager Beavers, has been detained and cannot be here tonight. Is there any father in the stands who will volunteer as coach?"

Nine anxious boys turned their heads towards the handful of spectators. So did Mr. Kensington. He knew most of the fathers by sight. Many of them worked the night shift. No one responded to the plea now being repeated over the public address system.

It occurred to Mr. Kensington that he was being a bit forward, but he could see no alternative. Deliberately he picked up his umbrella, settled his bowler hat and made his way to the official's box. He said resolutely: "I will coach the Eager Beavers, if no one else is available."

Nine small boys pressed their noses against the wire netting. "Hiya, Kensy! At-a-boy, Kensy!"

The league director pushed the announcer aside. He said: "Thanks, Mr. Kensington. And good luck!"

The British consul marched over to his team, and held a hurried conference. "Where are the other players?"

"Chicken pox, sir. But we can field a team. . . ."

"Play ball!" hollered the umpire.

The first innings was 1-0 for the Tigers. Jonas was still at the bottom of the batting order. The second innings was 2-0, the Tigers still gaining.

Then it was the start of the third innings, and Mr. Kensington unbuttoned his coat. He felt his legs cramping on the low bench. His collar was wet, his hands clammy. But the nine boys around him were not dismayed. "We'll whip 'em, Kensy," they told him. "You just see."

One by one, he sent out his batters. Mr. Butch Fales scored two. Mr. Stinky Spencer added a single.

It was Jonas Stevens up to bat now, and suddenly the team was quiet. Mr. Kensington knew what they were thinking as they watched Jonas taking a few practice swings. He jabbed Mr. Knucklehead Caldwell sharply and said: "Give him a cheer, lads."

KNUCKLEHEAD led off with a roar of encouragement. The Tiger pitcher sent a fast one right down the middle. Jonas did not step back. Mr. Kensington unclenched his aching jaws.

"He really hit it!" Knucklehead marvelled. "Holy cow!"

Then the last half of the sixth and final innings was coming up. The stands were filled now. The cloudy sky threatened rain, and the score stood at 5-5. Stinky Spencer had been hitting out valiantly and was on third base. If the next batsman could only hit the ball hard enough, Stinky could sneak home to score the winning run for his side.

The next batsman was Jonas. . . .

"I expect a single from you," Mr. Kensington said evenly.

As Jonas walked out to take up his stance, catcalls came from the stands: "He can't hit. He's afraid of the ball. Give him a fast one."

Mr. Kensington didn't watch Jonas. His eyes were fixed on the tired pitcher. Then it came, a fast ball which suddenly broke and dropped slowly. Wood cracked on leather. Jonas stood rooted in his place, paralysed by his own success.

From his own team-mates came a roar of anguish. "Run, run!"

Jonas dug in and took off like a jack-rabbit. Mr. Kensington drove his fingers into the palms of his hands as Jonas raced to first base in a cloud of dust, while Stinky Spencer loped home with the winning run for the Beavers.

A moment later the heavens opened and the rain came. Boys in dirty uniforms swarmed over Mr. Kensington, yelling with joy. Managers and coaches slapped him on the back. Parents shouted happily at him. The Tigers trotted across the soggy field to shake the hands of the winning team.

But Mr. Kensington scarcely heard the uproar. Calmly, he raised his big black umbrella. "Stout playing, men," he said. "I believe we could use a bit of refreshment."

Methodically he gathered the hilarious Eager Beavers under his capacious umbrella and marched across the street to the Sweet Shoppe. He removed his bowler hat and looked round the table at nine mud-smeared, jubilant boys. His eyes found Jonas, his uniform at last respectably dirty, his face a blaze of glory.

"Your order, sir?" the waitress asked, her pencil poised over her pad.

Mr. Kensington smiled at the Eager Beavers in triumph and pride. "That will be nine Tummy Busters," he said. And then added firmly: "No—make it ten."

THE END

MY BROTHER Michael

OUR home was in Devon, but we spent a good deal of our childhood in London. Our favourite game there was "Detectives." We went to one of the big stores and picked a customer at random, dogging his footsteps around the department and following the poor fellow closely all the way to his destination. We often finished up a long way from home.

Michael, who was three years older than I, was the more daring and never gave up. He insisted on following one man all the way to Hounslow and then found that he had no money for the return journey. He had to explain shamefacedly to our victim what we had been doing, but he must have done it with considerable charm because he managed to borrow from him enough money to get us back home.

Once, when we were staying in France, Michael nearly got us into trouble with the Dieppe police. He was always keen on dangerous escapades and he made me and our other brother ride with him on his new bike. We wobbled uncertainly along a busy street and I was not surprised when we were stopped by a gendarme.

Michael promised that we would behave ourselves, but, as soon as the gendarme was out of sight, he persuaded us to mount and continue. Just round the corner we came face to face with the same gendarme. Michael increased speed and we were hotly pursued by more and more policemen.

Eventually, Michael made my brother and I dismount and disappear, while he led the chase away from us. He spent a thrilling half hour hiding in alleyways and somehow managed to avoid being caught.

At our prep school the music master thought that he could detect musical talent in Michael, and made him practise the piano for hours. This infuriated my brother, and one day he made up a plaster-of-paris mixture and squeezed it between the piano keys. They stuck solidly. The music master was furious and, to his delight, Michael was forbidden to go near any school piano ever again.

I think his only success at school was producing a school magazine. He was so bad at his lessons that one exasperated master warned him that he would be a failure all his life. To Michael this was so much a challenge that he sat down and wrote his first short story. Soon afterwards he was able to announce proudly that he had sold it for fifteen guineas.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 40

Go on—
spoil yourself!

Five big 4D pieces of chocolate cream

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'just-combed' look
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IT'S NEW! Vaseline Brand Hair Cream gives you a "just-combed" look *all day long*. Here's why Vaseline Hair Cream is the newest and best:

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HOHNER

THE HARMONICA OF THE STARS—AND YOU

Far, far the mountain peak

Continued from page 17

in mufti. *She* ripped the feather out of her hat and gave it to me. The flappers started to call her names—I was in uniform, of course—but she said 'He knows,' and walked off." He unbuttoned his tunic pocket and drew out the crumpled feather.

"Throw it away," Emily said angrily. "Here." She snatched it from his hand and threw it out of the window.

"But she's right in a way," Gerry said wearily. "Lyon was killed because of me. It's not the only reason no one will have me in a regiment in France, but it's one of them."

She said: "This settles it, Gerry. You must see that. You've got to resign your commission and go to Edinburgh. Could you do it?"

He said: "Oh, yes—to become a doctor. They'd let me go anyway, no one being very anxious to have me in their uniform. Didn't Peter say he'd be home about now?"

She nodded and said steadily: "I haven't any news."

"Not much point in waiting for him, then, I suppose. I'd have liked to have seen him before I threw my hand in." He sat with his hands in his lap, staring into the empty fireplace. "I'll hurry up and get to Edinburgh. Then one day we'll all be together in Rudwal again, and it'll be different. I'll find a pretty nurse up there in Scotland and take her out to India."

They laughed, and Gerry went to change. Emily sat thinking about Peter. He would be arriving any day now, if he were to keep up with his forecast, insolently careless in the face of this terrible war. The telegram, sent from Cairo five days earlier and arriving that morning, told her that he was on his way, should arrive about June 16, had won a D.S.O., sent her his love.

He was on his way, rushing towards London with the speed of the fastest liners and express trains. But Gerry must not know that. Nothing must interfere with Gerry's going to Edinburgh.

The children, Rodney and Elizabeth, were asleep. The house in Minden Square was warm with the scent of London in June, the windows open to the blossoms of night and the pale sky powdered with silver stars.

Gerry was living here with her in her father's house. There was probably some gossip about it, but she did not care—and, rather to her surprise, her father supported her. He spent a week with them soon after they reached Tilbury, late in October, 1914. At the end of the week he returned to Llyn Gared—her old home in Wales—and to his increasingly numbed studies of the casualty lists.

GERRY was in uniform—Lieutenant the Earl of Wilcot, Royal South Wiltshire Yeomanry. He was not sent to France after training, though his regiment went in November, '14. He was posted instead to the War Office.

Emily kept him at his medical books, and he made contact with a senior member of the medical school at Edinburgh University. He was finding it hard to apply to resign his commission, in spite of the rapidly growing shortage of doctors. But he was not happy as a soldier, especially not in the gilded rôle they had given him, and Emily felt that only some small incident, one extra push, was needed to make him go to Edinburgh.

She was aware of progress in another, more dangerous direction. The relationship between them was now so obviously different from their old brother-sister relationship that even Gerry was forced to recognize it. He said nothing, but she knew he admitted to himself that he loved her; though there was nothing more, nothing at all, for they were both rigorously trained in self-control. . . .

An hour later they ate in the dining-room, which looked out across the small green square of summer, and the syringa spread flowering arms against the farther wall. This they had done a hundred times and more—before, when they were young.

During dinner, and in the drawing-room afterwards, while Gerry played Bach on the gramophone, Emily became weak with love for him, for the strained, fine thread of his character that made him so wonderful and desirable to Peter. It was an unusual love that she felt, impossible to classify as "affection," or "pity," or in any other single category. . . .

Gerry now made up his mind to go to Edinburgh as soon as he could. But he was still in London on the fifteenth of the month, for there was a scornful delay in releasing him from the War Office. And that afternoon a telegram arrived from Peter, in Dover, presaging his arrival at the house at six o'clock.

At six o'clock a taxi wheezed up to the door and Peter stepped lightly out. Emily ran out and down the steps and into his arms while he was in the act of paying the taxi driver.

"Peter," she cried. "You're back—a day early." His brief kiss tingled on her mouth.

"Flew from Marseilles to Paris in a French Army bombing aeroplane," he said, smiling down at her.

When they were inside—he carried nothing but a small, dusty valise—she looked at him more closely: uniform patched, clean, not too well-fitting; blue and red ribbon on his left breast; captain's rank badges on his sleeve; cap soft, racy-looking; black belt and shoulder straps polished like glass; his movements lithe and flowing; a blue, puckered scar on his wrist.

"What's that?" she asked quickly.

"Where are the children?" he said.

"Upstairs, having their supper. We'll go up in a moment. But where have you been? How did you become a captain so quickly?" For the moment nothing mattered except the blaze of his eager personality in the room.

"I'll be a major tomorrow," he said, "and a lieutenant-colonel by autumn. Where's Gerry? I've got to see him urgently."

She sat back slowly, and the warmth from the blaze drained away. She said: "Gerry's at the War Office. Today's his last day there. Do you want to see him about anything special?"

Peter nodded.

"Tell me—quick," she said, her voice straining. "Before he comes in."

Peter looked at her for a time and then said: "This is secret, and I'm not supposed to tell anyone not already in it, but I can see you think you've got to know, so I'll tell you."

She heard the front door open and close, and Gerry's step in the passage. A moment later he came into the room and stopped dead as he saw Peter by the window.

Peter stepped forward, his hand jumping out. "Gerry! Just the man I'm looking for. You're a bit pale. Are you all right otherwise? Are you fit?"

Their hands were still clasped. Astonishment, delight, anxiety and inquiry had chased themselves across Gerry's face. Now he said: "Fit enough. They've got a gym at one of my clubs."

Peter said: "Good. I was just going to tell Emily. This is very hush-hush, Gerry. I'm going on a secret reconnaissance to the Italian front, starting next week. I've asked for you to come with me."

"You're going away again in a week?" Emily cried.

Peter said: "There are plenty of men who haven't seen their families since August, and plenty who never will. It's in the mountains, Gerry. That's why I wanted to know if you were fit."

"He's not," Emily said.

"Yes, I am," Gerry said.

She said: "Do you remember me telling you this was Gerry's last day at the War Office, Peter? That's because he has sent in his papers and is going to Edinburgh, to the medical school."

"You can go to Edinburgh when we've done this," Peter said.

"I can't, Peter," Gerry said in anguish. "They're expecting me the day after tomorrow. I've promised."

Peter said forcefully: "Edinburgh University is not going to care one small damn whether one middle-aged medical student arrives the day after tomorrow or two months hence. It's only two months, Emily. . . . I can just about guarantee you an M.C. out of it, Gerry—not because I have strings to pull, but because I know you and because you're going to earn it."

So Gerry would have the purple and white ribbon, which could be earned only by gallantry in the face of the enemy, to wear on his breast, and the letters to put after his name, to stop any other foolish woman from giving him a white feather, any other stupid man from whispering "Wilcot's got a streak." It was all beautifully thought out, for Gerry's good.

Emily said quite calmly: "Gerry is not going with you, Peter. It's disgraceful of you to ask him when you know he's trying to become a doctor, and you know how much that means to him."

"I'll come, Peter," Gerry said. "Of course I'll come. . . ."

MAJOR CAMMAROTA spoke very good English. He was a tall man, angular, blue-eyed, as unlike the conventional picture of an Italian as could be. He and Peter were sitting together in the room of an inn twelve miles behind the Italian front in the Alps.

The rest of the reconnaissance party, which would set out tomorrow, were hunched over the tables to right and left. There was Gerry and a dark, young lieutenant, Count Fraschelli. There were two other men, in the uniform of Italian corporals; but they were considerably older than most corporals and there was no doubt what their peacetime occupation was—mountain guiding. Staldi and Carana were their names, and Cammarota was explaining the operation again to them.

The mission itself was not complicated. Years before the outbreak of war the Italian General Staff had worked out a plan to mount a major offensive against the Austrians through the northern Alps and the passes over them. In the first stages a feint would be made at the Saraco Pass, but the main effort would be over the Julio.

When this had first been explained to Peter he had at once asked about the Michele Pass, farther to the west, and had been assured that no kind of major operation could be launched over it, owing to the extremely difficult nature of the approaches on the Italian side.

The British General Staff was interested in these plans, but it wanted to see the possibilities with its own eyes, not through the eyes of its allies. A War Office major-general had outlined the mission to Peter in Cairo. . . .

"We will start at ten o'clock tomorrow, Major Savage," Cammarota said at last in English, turning to Peter. "A supply convoy will carry us to the headquarters of the Fifty-sixth Bersaglieri, and from there we will walk." He smiled, but not warmly.

That was a Monday night. They reached the Bersaglieri early the next afternoon and moved on in the first dusk along the steep valley that led west towards the Julio Pass under the lee of the three big peaks. After travelling all night on goat tracks parallel with the "front," they reached a point a couple of miles below the Julio.

It was nearly dawn, and Cammarota said: "We bivouac here."

About two in the afternoon the sergeant came from the platoon that watched the pass and conferred an hour with Cammarota. When he had finished, Cammarota strolled over to Gerry and Peter.

"It is as clear as we can hope," the

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • II

by Commander Douglas Duff

The ship that came back from the dead

THE captain of the 486-ton Norwegian motor cargo ship Jopeter had to admit that, without help, the position was hopeless. His ship was nipped in the increasing ice, south of Bontekoe Island off the eastern coast of Greenland. It was late September, 1955, and winter was swiftly closing in. Even though it meant expensive salvage he had to summon assistance, and an urgent appeal went out from his radio.

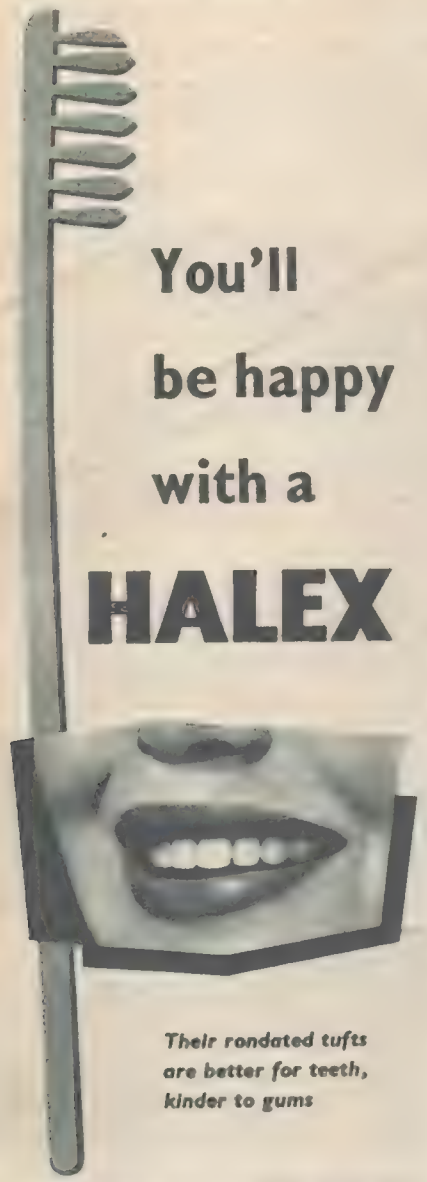
He and his fourteen men felt renewed hope when the Danish motor ship Kista Dan came chugging along the bleak coast. The weather was worsening and the temperature dropping with each hour, but the Norwegian captain was eager to save his ship and the Danish skipper wanted the salvage.

Everything that could be done was tried, but finally they had to own themselves beaten. Even if they managed to drag the Jopeter clear, it seemed certain that she would be crushed and leaking so badly by now that she must founder as soon as she was no longer supported by the ice.

They had almost left it too late in the worsening weather. The Kista Dan, at great peril, managed to take some of the Norwegian crew to safety, but the rest could not be taken off. American rescue aircraft had to fly in from the United States base on Greenland to save the remainder. By the time all the fifteen men aboard the Jopeter had been brought to safety, no one had the least doubt that, in the rising seas and labouring ice, the ship could not live more than a few hours. As soon as she was shaken out of the ice by the gale, she would founder like a stone.

Eleven months later, on August 4, 1956, Dr. Lauge Koch, head of the Danish Geological Research Department, was walking along the shores of Mount Norris Fjord, on the east coast of Traill Island, when he saw a ship floating on the placid waters of the rock-girt inlet. It was the Jopeter, riding upright, normally high in the water. When she was boarded, apart from a little water in her engine-room she appeared completely undamaged.

But if her crew had abandoned her with no help at hand and had perished in the freezing storms, another Marie Celeste mystery would have been added to the unsolved riddles of the sea.



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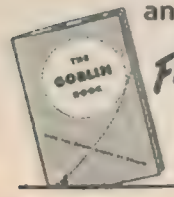

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Italian major said. "An Austrian post of about a platoon lives in a forester's hut the other side of the pass, but they seldom keep more than four men actually on the top. The sergeant thinks it will not be difficult to keep those four busy for an hour while our party traverses the mountain a few hundred feet higher up, and drops in again behind them." Peter agreed.

They moved off as dusk settled. The passage of the Julio went as planned. Going fast over rock and scattered snow, the reconnaissance party reached the forests on the Austrian side. At dawn they were in tangled mountains, not very high, far from any track or trail, seven miles beyond the "front line." They ate, rested for two hours and pushed on again. Late in the afternoon they stood on the ridge line of rolling hills which overlooked the Saraco Valley from the west.

A small, widely spaced string of trucks was moving up the valley road. Then they turned left on to a side road and climbed towards the forest.

There was obviously a dump of some kind being stocked—or emptied—in the forests over there. The Austrians were expecting something. Peter's guess was that they were expecting an attack such as his party was now making the reconnaissance for.

Peter turned to Cammarota and suggested that they should cross the valley and find out what was in the forests. Cammarota agreed and they decided to sleep where they were until midnight. At midnight they moved off once more, crossed the valley without trouble and entered the forests. . . .

An hour before dawn Cammarota whispered: "I think this will be a good place to lie up, Major."

During the day they saw what they wanted to see. It was a widely scattered ammunition dump. There was no doubt that the Austrians were ready for something big.

"Interesting," Cammarota muttered worriedly. "There will be ration dumps, too, I suppose, but we do not have time to find those. Nor is that our task. We can return across the valley."

They began to work down through the forest. All went well until they reached the main road. Fraschelli and Staldi were in the lead, Gerry and Peter ten paces back and Cammarota and Carana bringing up the rear, when a nervous voice challenged in German —"*Wer da?*"—and the beam of a torch illuminated the crouching figures of Fraschelli and Staldi.

Peter had carried an Italian carbine throughout, and fired at once at the torch. The light went out, and a man screamed. Peter charged forward with Gerry at his side. Down the road to the right the headlights of another convoy flared up, and the only sounds were the high whining of the gears and the man screaming. Then there was a face under Peter's, and he fired again.

Cammarota was there, and Gerry was there, his face suddenly lit, livid and taut, by the rifle flashes.

Then everything was quiet. The trucks had stopped moving. "Did we get them all?" Peter asked.

Cammarota said: "Yes. Five. I didn't see anyone get away." He stood up from the dead man he had been kneeling over. "It was a party of criminals being taken back under escort."

Peter saw that three of the men were chained together, their hands locked. Cammarota said bitterly: "They were probably Italians, conscripted and trying to desert over to us. Well, they would have died anyway."

Gerry muttered: "Oh, God——"

Peter dismissed it from his mind. It was an accident of war. He turned urgently to Cammarota. "Quick! What would partisans do if they had done this?"

Cammarota said: "They would take the rifles and ammunition off the guards. But——"

Peter could hear shouting from the woods. He said: "Well, we must take these, then."

"Is it necessary?" Cammarota asked in a low voice.

"Of course it is," Peter said. "If we don't the Austrians will suspect that a patrol has been over as deep as this. You've insisted a dozen times that our presence must not be suspected."

Gerry said: "Peter, the Austrians will think the villagers up there have done it."

"That's exactly what they must think," Peter snapped. "Otherwise we'll never get back."

He knew perfectly well what was on their minds. The wretched villagers were going to be descended on, tortured, a few shot. He knew that, had faced it and decided what mattered most.

Cammarota said: "Take their rifles. Empty their cartridge pouches."

It was done, and they moved off, heading along footpaths and occasional cart tracks and over open meadows, towards the Julio Pass.

They stopped when the sun was rising over the mountains. It was a glorious fresh July day. They lay down, and the birds began to sing, and the flowers smelled sweet where Peter's body crushed them. . . .

Peter awoke at noon and saw that Gerry was already awake, lying there a few feet away.

For a few minutes before Peter awoke he had been in that half-land between sleep and waking, and had been reaching a decision. He said: "We must have a look at the Michele Pass, Gerry."

Gerry's eyes were red rimmed and his face had a dull, greenish pallor. It was the prisoners he had killed, and the thought of what must happen to the villagers back there, that had driven him to the cracking point. Being Gerry, he felt these things acutely.

Peter said: "The operation across the Saraco and Julio passes probably is not now feasible, because the Austrians seem to be ready for it. But supposing we could cross the Michele. Suppose they're proposing to attack *us* over the Michele. Either way, we can't go back without finding out."

He repeated the reasons he had just given to Gerry when he spoke to Cammarota.

The Italian decided to try irony. "Ah, you are a fire-eater, Major Savage," he said, smiling thinly. "But our orders are to return when we have completed this mission. They are definite."

Peter said: "We must disobey the orders."

Cammarota said: "You will recall how you insisted that the partisans be made to suffer for our actions last night in order that we should get back with our information. That is the vital point. Hence, I cannot agree to the risk of returning by this long circuit."

"Then you refuse to take the patrol back over the Michele Pass?" Peter asked politely.

Cammarota said: "I regret it, Major Savage. Yes. I refuse."

Peter said: "Will you allow me to ask Staldi and Carana if one of them will volunteer to come with me?"

Cammarota said: "I regret it, Major Savage. No. I will not."

Peter said: "Then Lieutenant Lord Wilcot and I will go by ourselves."

Cammarota stiffened. He said: "Lord Wilcot? In the state he is in?"

Peter said: "Yes."

Cammarota said: "You will disobey me? I am the commander of this patrol, Major Savage, including you and Lord Wilcot." His voice was choked with fury and disbelief.

Peter said: "I hereby remove myself and Lord Wilcot from under your command. I expect to cross the Michele Pass during tomorrow night. Please have word sent to the local commander."

Cammarota got a grip on himself. "Good fortune," he said coldly. "I am sure you will get another medal." He managed a stiff bow and turned his back. . . .

"Alone again, at last," Peter said after he and Gerry had been going for an hour and the woods had long since swallowed up all trace of the Italians. He felt eager and full of a kind of febrile energy.

"Yes," Gerry said. They were heading fast across the ridges to drop into the narrow valley that ran down from the Michele Pass to the Saraco. They reached the valley at dusk and Peter decided to rest under cover for the night. The morning broke in, dull and cold for the season. It was going to be a miserable day, for they had no adequate waterproof clothing.

They set out and began to walk south towards the pass. Towards midday the rain began. By then Peter thought the head of the valley could not be more than two miles away and, from the state of the track, he knew that something was going on there.

He was trying to make out what the Austrians could be doing here when Gerry suddenly muttered: "There's someone coming down the path."

Peter moved quickly round the trees and dropped slowly to one knee. Visibility was not more than two hundred yards at the best today, seldom that much. There were three men, carrying rifles—no, two with rifles and one apparently unarmed. They were huddled in big army capes, high shako-type hats bowed forward, not looking where they were going.

One of those things was not a rifle, though. It was—a surveyor's tripod, legs closed, carried over the shoulder.

They were fifty yards away now. A surveyor. He had to have that man's papers. Blame the partisans again.

"You take the front one," he whispered.

"But——" Gerry said.

"Don't argue, man." Peter crept ahead, so that Gerry and he would be separated by a few steps and the firing would come from both sides of the men, who trudged on. There was hardly any need to hide, for their faces were bent down. The unarmed man had a theodolite in a heavy case slung over his shoulder.

Now they were level. Peter shot the last man dead, the one with the rifle. He fired again and shot the second man, the one carrying the theodolite. "Fire!" he yelled at Gerry and ran forward. Gerry was standing there, his pistol raised, staring at the man with

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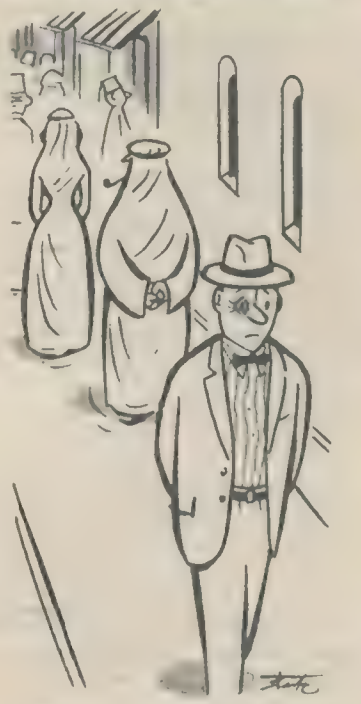

"A woman wearing a veil is often followed by a man of her own family. Europeans should never speak to a woman in the street"

"Oh . . . never mind"

the tripod. Peter fired, but the man was already running, and he missed.

Gerry fired and missed. Peter stopped, fired carefully. The man jerked his hand. Again—but he was behind a tree now. Gerry fired twice. Peter began to run after the man. He'd thrown his tripod away. No chance. The man would be a fast runner at the best of times, and Peter felt very tired.

In a few seconds the gleam of the wet cape fluttering and flickering among the dark trunks of the trees had gone.

Peter returned and bent over the body of the man with the theodolite, searching quickly through his pockets and his rough haversack. He was furious with Gerry, because the man with the tripod had seen them and soon the Austrians would be out looking for them. The man would insist that it was not partisans who had ambushed him. The only thing to do was hope that he would not be believed and steal whatever was of value off the corpses—and the rifle, of course—to make his tale seem still less likely.

Gerry was staring at Peter, the pistol swinging in his hand. He said: "I couldn't shoot him."

"Put that thing away or you'll shoot me," Peter said shortly. The surveyor had some maps and a blueprint trace. Peter took the other's rifle and cartridges, both men's watches, a pair of rings, some money.

"Come on," he said.

Now it was south, fast, on the east side of the valley, the side away from the track. Peter decided to stop and have a look at the surveyor's papers.

Nothing much. The track was being improved only to the foot of the pass. The blue trace was of a hut; it looked very simple and could hold about twenty men—a barrack, then. A company was a lot of men to put in this remote place—but not earth-shaking.

He told Gerry, and they went on. Peter struck diagonally left-handed into the forest, climbing away from the valley floor. Sooner or later, this hour or next, the man whom Gerry had let live would reach a post and tell what he had seen.

Peter decided then and there that any dreams he had had of carrying Gerry to military glory must be abandoned. Gerry would have to be a doctor.

He had forgotten something. "Wait here," he flung over his shoulder. "I'm going down to cut the telegraph lines."

He hurried back down the three hundred feet or so that they had climbed and reached the valley. The telegraph poles were low and, having found a good place, Peter used his carbine as a lever to break the cable.

He had left Gerry there, by that fir with the fork near the ground and a big grey rock on its right. He wasn't there. Peter moved behind another tree, restlessly searching all around. If Gerry had gone, something must have made him—something, someone he had seen. But there was no one.

Perhaps a blind panic had fallen on him and he'd begun to run. Gerry was not a coward as people used the word. Where would he have gone? Not back, surely? He wasn't mad. On then, probably on the line they had previously been following. He stumbled up the hill.

Ten minutes later he saw the shadow lurching through the pine trees ahead. He could make Gerry hear him now if he called loudly enough, but that would be dangerous. He held his pace and saw that he was gaining. Gerry never looked over his shoulder. Then, when he was no more than ten yards behind and Gerry must have heard the crunch and thud of his boots, he called softly: "Gerry!"

Gerry drew up slowly and at last turned. Peter was up to him then, his arm out to grip his shoulder. "It's you," Gerry said. "I—I—" His eyes were big, with the same large, excited look Peter had seen once before, on Maru, two years ago.

"I heard a shot and saw men moving through the forest," Gerry said. "I thought they'd got you."

That was a palpable lie. Gerry would never have left him if he believed he was in trouble. Peter said: "I'm all right. They didn't get me. Where's your pistol?"

"I don't know—I must have lost it somewhere. I had it."

Peter said: "It doesn't matter. Well, what about pushing on?"

Gerry nodded. He had collected himself. "Yes," he said. "Let's get on."

Peter swung into the lead and did not look round, though he listened all the time to be sure that the footsteps were at his heels. If they went down a few hundred paces to the right, they should be looking down on the north slope of the Michele Pass. That much more they must do at all costs.

He turned down and went more cautiously, peering through the trunks of the trees ahead until they fell away, and then crept on very carefully to the lip of a sharp slope. There were the huts shown on the surveyor's blueprint, and a row of eight target frames on the hillside not far below him, with firing points built out from the hill.

This was a training camp. This was where the Austrians trained their men in mountain warfare. It was rather close to the battlefront for a training area, but the troops here would also serve as an adequate protection against any light raid over the Michele.

A hot anticipation burned away his fatigue. Suppose it was not a light raid that came over the Michele Pass, but an attack by two or three battalions of Bersaglieri supported by mountain artillery on pack mules? Such a

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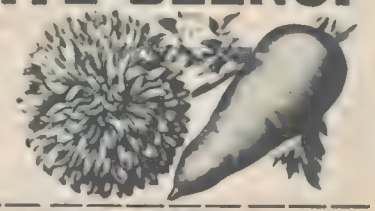
CROPS OF WILTS AND MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS?

asks **BOB GREEN** *our gardening expert*



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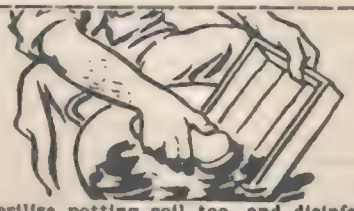

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force could do a far more decisive job.

Cammarota said that the approaches on the Italian side were impossible. Then those approaches would have to be made possible. This way the attack could succeed.

He had to get back into Italy at once.

He glanced at his watch. It was half-past four in the afternoon. It was July, but it would soon be dark enough, in this weather, to risk moving up the bare ridge which led from where he stood toward the north wall of Monte Michele.

He beckoned to Gerry, and they dropped over the lip of that last slope, and hurried south. Now they were in full view from the encampment.

After half an hour, without being shot at, they reached the shelter of tumbled piles of rock at the foot of Monte Michele's gigantic north face. Peter sank down, dragging Gerry with him, and the next problem began to pound away at him. The crossing of Monte Michele was going to be a difficult feat of mountaineering, because of the weather and their fatigue.

From the climbing point of view it would be best to start now and climb as fast and as far as they could while the dim light lasted. But a few yards up, there began two hundred feet of steep cliff, and in daylight, while they were on the cliff, they would be at the mercy of anyone who came along.

It wouldn't do. They'd have to go over by night, all the way. He got out the map and began to study it with a concentration that amounted to frenzy.

WHATEVER he had done before in the way of lifting men above themselves was going to be nothing to what he must do if he was to get Gerry over Monte Michele tonight, and that he was going to do. He would lead Gerry over the mountain and into a safe and happy place. He would himself take him to Edinburgh. . . .

It was almost dark when they started. Peter led. He took the first pitch at a steady pace, weaving across the face of the cliff to find easy holds, and making each run-out small so that Gerry never had to stand long alone before coming up to him. This was climbing, war, and rescue, all together.

He searched left and right, like a hound on the trail. He walked, quick and light, across the face of the rock, hardly touching it. He guided Gerry up with voice and rope, and love and curses and sheer strength. When Gerry stood spreadeagled against the slope, shaking, half unconscious, he told him he'd shoot him. When Gerry groaned up to a fingerhold he told him Emily was waiting for them with tea and crumpets, on top. For forty feet, on an easier stretch, he dragged him.

There followed hours of agonizing step-by-step slogging—shale—smooth rock—snow and rock—one or other or both of them falling down every few moments. The rain turned to sleet and then to snow. At two o'clock, at the foot of the final snow slope, he stopped and lay down again. "Wrong, wrong," he whispered. "We should go on." He couldn't.

He awoke at five, feeling worse. He began to cut steps. The wind was dying down, and he could see a jumping, swaying line, white below and grey-green above—the summit slope.

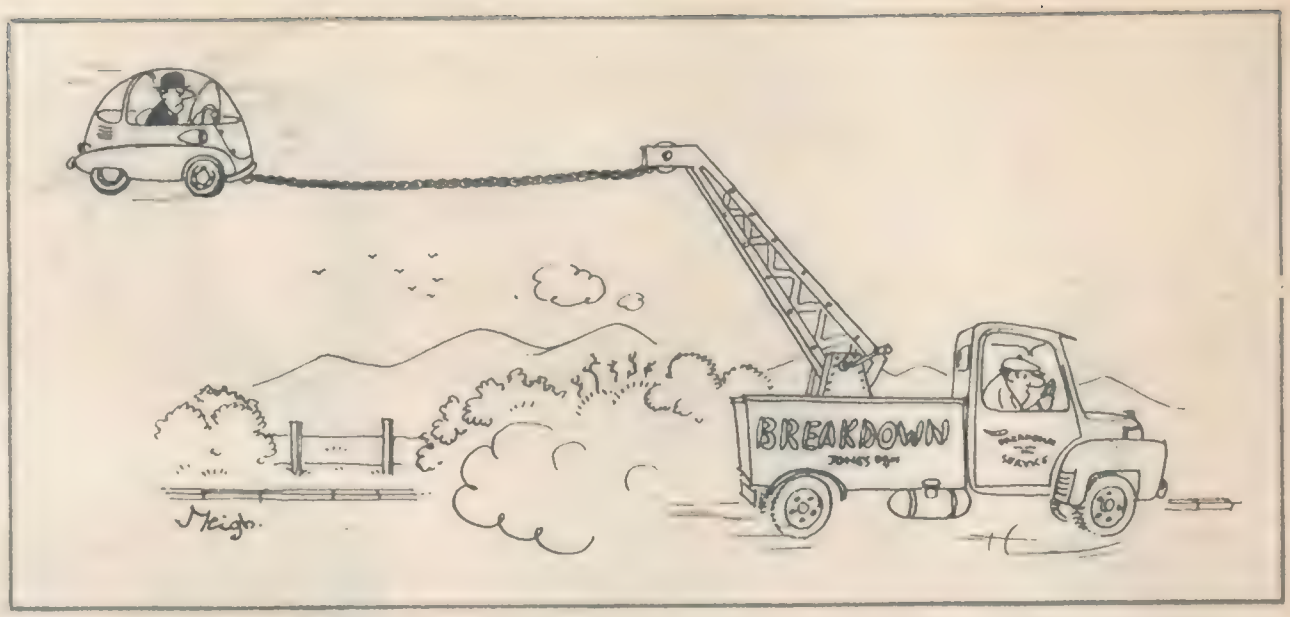
The clouds still eddied about them. He was thankful, remembering the men with rifles. An hour later, in full light they stood among clutching tendrils of cloud, with snow beneath their feet.

"We've done it," Gerry croaked. His eyes shone, almost as of old. "We're there, Peter."

"Got to get down first," he said. "Not done till then."

Over to the right, beyond Gerry, there was something, half-man, half-cloud. Peter unslung his carbine; he couldn't speak. Gerry had turned but saw nothing where he was looking, down into Italy; Peter couldn't, daren't shout. His hands were bitter cold, and snow clogged the bolt.

The cloud slid back from a soldier with his rifle ready in his hand. A hard, blue-eyed mountain man he was, a guide corporal, like Carana, but enemy. He fired at Gerry, and Peter



fired at him. Gerry swung round to Peter. The thin smoke still twisted from the muzzle of Peter's carbine.

Peter fired again; Gerry's blank eyes were on him, the face deep-cut and falling away, his eyes filling, swaying.

"Peter," he said. "Oh, Peter." He fell. Behind him the mountain guide with the corporal's badges fell on his face. Behind him there was shouting, muffled and coming from everywhere in the cloud.

Peter fired twice more, low over the snow, so that they should not come. He dragged Gerry by his feet to the edge of the drop—dead—and pushed him over, not knowing what lay below, only that it was steep and snow-covered, and jumped after him. Gerry rode faster than he, flat at first, then rolling, jumping, jerking, swirling, and soon disappeared. Peter went down in a long glissade, the muzzle of his carbine supporting him, as he had practised a hundred times with the ice axe. Gerry was gone for ever. . . .

October 8, 1915. London. The smoke hung thick over Victoria Station and set Peter coughing. There had been a big change, even in the last three months. The slaughter on the Western Front dragged on and on, and the casualty lists staggered the imagination. For most it was the sheer numbers that caused the shock. For him it was the realization that each one of those names had been someone's "Gerry."

He had to get to Emily. He had to tell her about Gerry. She had heard, of course, already. But he had to tell her himself, and he dreaded doing it.

The moted beams filtered down from a weak October sun. It was khaki, khaki everywhere, and the trudge of khaki men; the women's dresses dull because it was October, only here and there a brave daub of crimson or green, a feather waving above a big blue bonnet.

"Taxi!" he called. And, when the taxi came, he said: "Twenty-seven, Minden Square."

Peter sank back, his hands clasped across his knees. The taxi driver was wrapped in several mufflers and wore a big moustache, and the air was grey gold of October, the late sun slanting across the façade of Buckingham Palace. Gerry was dead.

Peter had been in Italian military hospitals for ten weeks with pneumonia and various bones broken. The Italians had been firm about the impossibility of the Michele, and he, lying in hospital, had not found the energy to make them see that it must be done.

He could not care. The objects which had seemed so bright and worthy of any effort had become dull and grey—still large, but uninteresting.

Perhaps it was his physical weakness, he told himself. He would go home to Emily, with a month's sick leave, and get back all his strength. Other men had died. Why had Gerry's death cut all the sinews of desire? Emily could make him strong again.

"'Ere you are, guv'nor."

HE got out, tipped the man carefully, and walked slowly up the steps to the front door. He found he did everything cautiously now. Harvey, Mr. Fenton's valet, opened the door. That meant Emily's father was here.

"Hallo, Harvey," Peter said.

"Mr. Peter!" Harvey began, his eyes lighting up. Then he remembered some message he had been given, and said: "We were expecting you, sir. Mr. Fenton is in the drawing-room."

Mr. Fenton had *The Times* in his hands, opened at the page where the casualty lists were. He had aged considerably. It seemed to Peter that he must sit there all day, every day, reading the roll of the dead, of his friends and the sons of his friends.

There was no sign of children, and no smell of a woman, no extra coats or hats on the rack in the hall. Peter felt suddenly afraid.

"What's the matter?" he cried urgently. "Is anything the matter?"

"Sit down, Peter," Mr. Fenton said. He folded the paper carefully and laid it on the occasional table beside his chair.

"Emily's gone away," he said at last.

"Where? Gone away? What do you mean, sir?" Peter cried.

Mr. Fenton spoke coldly. "She's gone away. That's all I can tell you. She left a letter for you—there, in the top left-hand drawer of the writing desk."

Peter found the letter and gazed at it for a moment before opening it. It was addressed to "Major Peter Savage, D.S.O."

This was like the first quiet hiss of powder snow, the little hiss that would grow and become a surge like the surf, and then the grumble of the deep snow underneath as it moved; and then the avalanche, sweeping away shining axe and rough rope and brave climbers and all.

He opened the letter.

Dear Peter, he read. *I am going away, with the children, because I cannot bear to see you or speak to you again. Do not make any attempt to find me, or see the children, ever. . . .*

To be continued next week

MY BROTHER MICHAEL

See page 35

Michael Pertwee, the script-writer, is the famous brother of Jon Pertwee

Land of singing death

Continued from page 10

children. We had a native housemaid, Maggie, who let me go down to the aboriginal camps and chew bones with my young friends. My parents could never understand why I was rarely hungry at mealtimes.

I went to school in Brisbane, and later served as a regular soldier in the Darwin Mobile Force. I spent every leave at Humpty Doo, a crocodile- and buffalo-hunting station where one of my uncles was the manager. I tracked and hunted with aboriginal stockmen, and even accompanied the *lubras* (women), to whom fell the more delicate—and infinitely more difficult—task of chasing the smaller game.

I became a good shot at Humpty Doo. I learned the hard way, stalking crocodiles along creeks which ran into the Adelaide River and shooting buffalo on the plains.

And now I was back in the Northern Territory as a protector of aborigines. I could think of no more worthwhile vocation. . . .

We broke camp at daybreak—or, to be more accurate, I got off the ground, picked up my rifle and we went on our way. About an hour later the mission boys cut the tracks of a party of natives. The tracks were fresh and we followed them cautiously through the sparse eucalyptus forest.

Suddenly we came across six natives who were spread out in line through the trees with spears and woomeras ready for action. Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi were among them.

The group halted when they saw us. My reaction was to sit down with my two boys and wait.

The minutes ticked by. The natives wanted me to lose patience, but I knew that this was no time to precipitate events. The last thing I wanted was to be involved in a shooting. I was prepared to wait all day if necessary.

My tactics worked. The others moved first. Bongowoi rose to his feet and, alone, though with spears ready, walked steadily towards us.

Around his neck he had a fighting bag of woven pandanus leaves. Apart from his *nargu*, forehead bands and armlets of pandanus leaves decorated with crocodile teeth, he was naked. He had daubed his face with white and yellow ochre and had alternate white and yellow bands across his chest and, with blood as an adhesive, he had made a pattern of small pigeon feathers on his thighs and arms. Altogether he was a disturbing sight.

I got clumsily to my feet, pushing my rifle against the butt of a tree as a sign of good faith. It fell to the ground beyond my reach, and for a moment I had the awful fear that I was finished. But Bongowoi responded by throwing his spears on the ground.

I signalled to one of the mission boys to join me. He came up, unarmed, while a native, also unarmed, joined Bongowoi.

Through the mission boy, who acted

as interpreter, I explained that I had come to prevent further trouble between the Gobaboingo and Burera tribes. I said that my main task was the welfare of all aborigines.

"Tell him," I said to the mission boy, "that I will stand no humbug. I have come to inquire into the killing of Bururingjingo, and I will complete my inquiries whatever Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi do."

By this time the rest of the natives had moved up with their dogs, and a fire was burning briskly. I squatted on one side of it with my two boys; the others faced me across the flames. I fished out a couple of plugs of tobacco from my pockets and when these were passed round the atmosphere became almost friendly.

Bongowoi admitted that he and Bininyiwoi were responsible for the death of Bururingjingo.

"Tell them they will have to return with me to Milingimbi," I said to the interpreter.

Bongowoi laughed and drew on his long bark pipe, sucking the smoke from the .303 cartridge case that served as a bowl. "How?" he asked. "Do we all swim?"

I told him we could start to swim if he felt like it, but that since he and his companions had clearly come by canoe, we would all go back by canoe.

Again Bongowoi laughed and spat out the tobacco fumes.

He wanted to know what would happen to him at Milingimbi. I said he would be taken from Milingimbi to Darwin and tried for murder, and that there was every possibility he and Bininyiwoi would go to jail. But that was a police job. Mine, I said, was simply to see that there was no further trouble in the area.

"Where are your handcuffs and chains?" Bongowoi asked.

"Why should I need chains?"

"We might run away."

I told him that I did not carry chains. I said I knew that aborigines had a real sense of honour and was prepared to accept his promise that he would not run away. I added that if he did, however, I would chase him for the rest of his life.

"This is your country," I said. "It is also my country. Maybe I can't throw a spear as well as you can. Maybe I don't track as well. But my rifle is better than your spear, and I can swim better than you can ever swim. I can walk as far as you will ever walk."

Bongowoi and his friends were not as impressed by this as I would have liked, but at least they were not hostile. By mutual agreement, I retrieved my rifle. The natives picked up their spears and we headed for the beach where they had hidden their dug-out canoe. Mine was a three-man canoe and quite useless for the long trip to Milingimbi; theirs was much bigger and carried a crude pair of sails.

I WAS desperately hungry, since I had eaten nothing except some native fruits. I decided to take a risk.

"Tell these men I want to eat," I said to the interpreter. "We will go and get some food."

Bongowoi, who was a tall, extremely well-built native, regarded me with obvious surprise. "With our spears? Maybe we mistake you for wallaby."

I assured him it was a mistake he should make only when I was not looking—I never missed with the rifle.

We spread out and had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards when a rock wallaby bounded from in front of Bongowoi and raced past me. I took a quick shot from about forty yards and, by a tremendous fluke, hit the wallaby in the head.

From that single shot I got not only some much-needed food but also a great deal of beneficial prestige. Hearing the shot, the other natives came running up and Bongowoi showed them how I had killed the wallaby. They examined the bullet hole closely and paced out the distance of the shot with many expressions of admiration.

One boy seized the wallaby and slung it over his shoulder, and together we went on to the beach.

While the boys were preparing to cook the animal, I borrowed a spear and challenged Bongowoi to catch some fish. I stripped off and we dashed into the water with a spear each. There was much laughter and chatter on shore as we swam out to some rocks. Both of us went down deep with our spears, but the water was muddy and I saw nothing. I had surfaced after my third descent when Bongowoi came up with a stingray on his spear.

I swam over to him and hacked off the dangerous barbed tail and then, together, we manhandled the stingray to the beach. Other natives had gathered oysters along the rocks, and as the sun began to sink we sat down to a magnificent meal.

Next afternoon, when the wind and tide were in our favour, the nine of us and the dogs packed ourselves into the canoe like sliced peaches in a can. I had stripped off like the rest and now wore only a *narga*, with my shirt, trousers, boots and rifle lashed to the mast with vines. Under a steady breeze and in a smooth sea, we set sail for Milingimbi.

At best, we had an inch of freeboard. I was jammed in so tight that cramp sprang up in my legs. Behind me sat one of the Gobaboingos. His dog whined and scratched at my rump.

We had sailed for little more than an hour when a patch in the side of the canoe gave way and water rushed in. The level rose alarmingly inside the canoe, and though we attacked the water furiously with baler shells, we couldn't keep pace with the incoming flow. As we sank deeper, the sea lapped closer to the edge and the slightest movement brought it pouring in over the sides.

It was time for quick action, and Bongowoi, without waiting for permission, ripped my shirt from the mast and shoved it in the hole in the side of the canoe.

It was now sunset and a perfect evening. The sun went down over the Arafura Sea in a blaze of red and gold. The shadows over the Arnhem Land mountains turned purple. Night had come abruptly to us and I had dozed off to sleep when I was awakened by a blast of air in my ear, and the natives yelling. A big dugong—sea cow—had surfaced alongside us, blown off steam and disappeared under the bow. Chaos filled the canoe. One native, thinking that a "debil debil" was after him, dived overboard. The canoe rocked and capsized, throwing us all into the water.

One of the dogs tried to crawl up on my shoulders, sinking its nails into my skin. I screamed, lost my grip on the side of the canoe and had to fight for my place among the shouting heads of my companions.

The native who had been on the paddle designated himself captain. He formed us up along one side of the canoe and together we turned it over. By rocking the canoe backwards and forwards we slapped out some of the water. We got rid of the remainder with baler shells, which had been tied to the canoe with lengths of stringy-bark and were thus at hand.

To empty the canoe was one thing; to return to it another. The canoe was only a hollowed-out trunk of a milk-wood tree, heavy to handle and delicately balanced.

Bongowoi's behaviour was strangely unlike that of the conventional murderer who finds his captor at a disadvantage. His one concern was to get me back into the canoe. I was the novice and therefore had to get aboard first. While the others did their best to keep the canoe steady, I somehow managed to roll aboard.

The natives then passed up the dogs and one by one, with great agility, scrambled aboard after me. They were a happy-go-lucky mob, laughing and talking as we headed once again for Milingimbi.

There Arthur Ellemor agreed with my proposal that Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi should not be locked up before being sent off to Darwin. After my night in the canoe I liked and trusted them.

On June 18 I radioed Vin White: "Two men killed youth detained at mission. Request plane earliest."

The following day Vin replied that the only plane available would not be able to carry the suspects as well as an escort. Since I trusted the murderers completely, I radioed: "Could send suspects unescorted."

I learned later that Darwin thought I had got a touch of the sun. Sending murderers unescorted by plane! No one had ever heard of such a thing.

Vin answered that the police thought it would be better to transport the two natives by boat, and told me to try to hold them at the mission.

His instruction was well-meant but impracticable. The tribal unrest was far from over. From the mainland came word that the Cape Stewart tribes were again preparing for battle. Nor were the Gobaboingos idle. There was much sharpening of spearheads by day; by night the camp fires glowed around the corroboree grounds and men sang and danced of war.

ON the afternoon of June 20, I was at the south end of the island and saw about forty natives approaching in battle formation.

I went to meet them as they advanced. Their leader was a well-known aborigine who was called Raiwala. He spoke good English and was, by any standards, an outstanding man. In all my years in the Territory, he was the only aborigine I knew who tried, voluntarily, to encourage his people to grow vegetables and to couple their nomadic instincts with economic prudence.

That day he and his men were in full war paint—not, he reassured me, to seek battle, but to be ready for it if it came. His clan, the Mild-Jingji, were right in the thick of trouble. His brother, Ngaldir, had speared a native named Mur'lili at Milingimbi three weeks before and now his victim's tribe, the Bureras, were preparing to fight. Ngaldir, a squat, ugly looking customer, with all the fingers of his left hand missing, stepped forward to greet me.

Raiwala, whose word was to be trusted, said that the Bureras would cross to Milingimbi to fight.

Later, I discussed the situation with Arthur Ellemor. There were almost no limits to the dangers involved in a major tribal fight around a mission.

"The best thing I can do is to cross to the mainland and try to intercept the Bureras," I said.

Ellemor agreed. "We will do our best to keep Ngaldir here," he said.

It was a night of hurried preparations. I needed a dug-out canoe, two natives and some emergency provisions.

We left at ten o'clock the following morning and reached the mainland in the afternoon. Raiwala had told me that I might expect to find the Bureras up the Yaranga River.

Mutiny broke out among my crew as we came to the mouth of the Yaranga. I was all for pushing on through the night. The mission boys protested in outraged horror.

"You bin go longa river, you bin go longa *yindy bahru* (big crocodiles)," one boy said.

I was young and hot-headed, and sneered at the crocodiles. I was exceedingly foolish. A crocodile is infinitely more dangerous and adventurous in the dark than it is in the day.

An hour after nightfall and in the middle of the river I felt much less certain of my decision. The boys chanted a river song, thumping the sides of the canoe with their paddles at the end of each stroke. They hoped that the noise would keep the crocodiles away.

My eyes ached from staring. Then I saw crocodiles gliding from the banks and heard muted splashes as they hit the water. Suddenly they were all around us, some of them diving under the canoe, and were so close that I could often smell their foul breath.

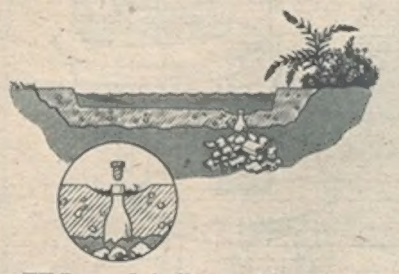
The boy in the bow shouted in terror as a crocodile snatched the paddle from his hands. We carried two spares, so that it was only a minor misadventure. But within minutes he had lost another paddle. Instead of striking the water, he had hit a crocodile's back and, limp with fright, had let the paddle go.

Until he had recovered himself, I took over with the last spare paddle.

It was not yet daylight when we

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER



WHEN I built my lily pond I adapted a screw-top bottle to make an easily operated drain. Before concreting the bottom of the pond, I dug a small sump in one corner and filled it with brick chippings and stones. I cut off the top part of a bottle and cemented it into a shallow well over the sump. The screw-top makes an effective plug.—Mrs. E. Slatter, Carolina Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Turves grown in seed boxes can be used to repair bare patches in a lawn. Remove the nails holding one of the long sides of a box and re-fasten at each end with a staple and eye. Fill the box right to the top with earth before sowing the seed.

When the grass has grown, press it down to form a firm turf. Slide out after removing the loose side of the box.—H. W. Elliott, Chelwood Drive, Leeds, 8.

PERCY THROWER says: This is quite a useful idea sent in by Mrs. Slatter. But make sure the neck of the bottle is an inch or so above the level of the shallow well so that sediment will collect round it and not block the opening.

This seed box idea seems to be the answer for patching small lawns. Cover the box with polythene or a pane of glass to help germination of the grass seeds.

JOHN BULL pays five guineas each for the best original, topical gardening hints sent to Percy Thrower, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

HEROES—2

The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove oneself a fool.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

found the first of the Burera tribe. A dozen of them had camped on a clearing and were devouring the remains of a kangaroo.

The next day I met the rest of the tribe and that night we met for our council of peace. I spoke in pidgin English and one of my boys interpreted into Gunwinggu, which is the language of the area. I told the Bureras that not only Ngaldir but also Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi were at Milingimbi. With all three more or less under arrest, every reason for fighting had been removed.

"If anyone *does* kill," I said, "I will follow. I don't care how long it takes. I will get you."

The talk lasted long into the early hours. When at last we turned in by the fires, the Bureras had promised to halt their plans for war; I, for my part, had promised to remove temptation by getting my prisoners to Darwin.

I started back for Milingimbi the next morning, escorted by forty natives. By noon the open plains gave way to mangrove swamps, interlaced with small creeks. The tide was low but coming in when we reached the first creek. The steep, firm banks plunged into thick grey mud, where there were numerous crocodiles.

While I watched in considerable apprehension the boys made preparations to cross. They cut down small corkwood trees with their stone tomahawks, and, having hacked the timber into three-foot lengths, they waited.

I protested that this was no place to cross the river, but one of the boys shrugged his shoulders. "Byem bye, boss," he said.

Not until the tide was full did the boys give the signal to move. The flow in the river had ceased and the water was high up the bank as they walked quickly into the stream and placed their woomeras, spears and tomahawks on the corkwood logs which served as rafts. They mounted a boy on one of the larger logs as a lookout, and in a tight group swam across the river. I was given the place of honour, and greatest safety, in the centre of the group. But I was a most reluctant swimmer.

Three times, to my dismay, we repeated the same performance in different creeks. But only in the last creek, when the tide had turned, did we meet a crocodile. About half way across. I got the fearful sensation that it was behind me. My instinctive reaction was to rush for the shore.

"No boss, no boss!" one of the boys whispered. "More better we bin go quiet feller."

The crocodile went under and we swam on quietly, never breaking the water with our arms, just pushing quietly with a frog kick.

Safely on dry land again, I understood the lesson I learned that afternoon: never to swim a crocodile-infested river on an ebbing or flowing tide. The only "safe" periods are at high or low tide, when the water has ceased to move. Crocodiles go with the tide, always in search of fish. When they are not on the move, they look for bends, or mud banks, there to lie in wait for anything that may pass.

The shadows were long on the ground when we camped for the night. I was quite exhausted after the hard, ten-hour march and the nervous strain of crossing the creeks, but enjoyed the meal that came from the camp fire. We had a barramundi wrapped in pandanus leaves and mud and baked under the ashes; johnny cakes made from water lily flour, yams and wild plums.

When I had eaten all I could, I lay back on my swag, planning to turn in early. I was dozing when I became conscious of a sudden silence among the boys. I sat up and found they were watching a native who had come close to the fire. His presence stilled the talk. The silence, I knew instinctively, was not of fear, or curiosity, but of respect.

I asked one of the boys for the name of the newcomer.

"Him Mahrdei." The boy said the name slowly and with emphasis.

"What does he want?"

Mahrdei himself replied, and for the first time since leaving Milingimbi I felt ill at ease. The flickering lights from the fire shone yellow in his eyes and I knew that I was in the presence of a man of character.

"Him say this properly blackfeller country," said the interpreter when the angry flow of words had ceased. "What's the matter you *balander* (white man) bin want come longa blackfeller country?"

I replied: "This country, my country, Mahrdei." I wanted to impress on him that I was born in the Territory. The approach had not failed before. But it made no impression now.

"I make trouble for you if you stay this country."

I told Mahrdei that it was my job to be where I was, that I represented the Australian Government, and that it was my concern to stop fighting among the tribes.

He only jeered at me, answering that if the tribes wanted to fight I could not stop them. He knew all about the trouble at Milingimbi. It was tribal law that killings should be avenged, he said. I had my lands and I should stay in them and leave the black men to theirs.

"You bin savvy that one Missus belonga missionary Goulburn Island?" he asked.

"Mrs. Muller?"

"Youai. Her got piccaninny longa belly. That piccaninny bin boy."

"That piccaninny bin boy or bin girl," I said.

Before the man spoke again I felt all his power. Across my mind flashed the recollection of Mrs. Muller's unhappiness when I had passed through Goulburn Island.

Mahrdei shouted at me. "I say that piccaninny him bin boy. Then Missus bin finish."

He cackled and spat, and rose from his haunches to go, flinging a last jibe at me as he went, "Balander bin savvy one day."

I was more than disturbed. The old man seemed to radiate malice and evil. And that he had a hold over the natives of the area there seemed no doubt. Gone now was the friendliness of the day's march. I lay down to a sleepless night, an alien in a hostile land. . . .

Ngaldir, Bongowoi and Bininyiwoi were waiting for me at Milingimbi, and seemed quite unmoved at the prospect of trial on charges of murder.

A day or two later I arranged for an R.A.A.F. Dakota to land at Milingimbi, and it took me and the three aborigines to Darwin.

I felt pleased. Despite Mahrdei and his venom, I had plucked the sources of trouble out of Arnhem Land. I laughed to myself about his threats, the idle boasts of an evil old man.

But I remembered them soon enough when a friend met me in Darwin.

"It was sad about Mrs. Muller," he said.

"Sad? Why?"

"Last week she had a son in Darwin Hospital and died in childbirth. . . ."

FROM Darwin I went on patrol west to the Daly River, hunting buffalo for meat and generally learning to live in that spartan country.

I was moving up the Daly one day, running before the fast-flowing, incoming tide. My dug-out canoe cut through the water at a lively pace, and the four natives were resting on their paddles.

The tide had only just turned, and along the steep banks of the river a fine collection of crocodiles was enjoying the sun. They lay with their great jaws open while tiny birds jumped in and out of their mouths to clean their teeth. They were both toothpicks and watchdogs for the crocodiles. The brutes put complete trust in the birds, whose shrill cry of warning was an unfailing danger signal.

The banks of the river were crowded by dense undergrowth, but in places there were patches where the grass was short and green.

We came round a bend, not six feet from the bank, and there, right above us in one of these clearings, was a massive sixteen-footer.

I fired just before the crocodile, which was only four feet above me, leaped for the water. I hit it under the ear. Then it crashed down on us, spurting blood.

It struck us amidships. All of us tumbled overboard. I got a mouthful of mud and water, and brushed against the crocodile's side. Frantically, I made for the bank.

I was going so fast that when I hit the bank I skated up its muddy slope and promptly fell back into the water again. I knocked against two of the natives coming out, and the three of us collapsed in a bunch, scrambling and shouting. We fought each other aside and went for the bank again.

I had begun to crawl up the slope when I felt that two great claws were ripping at my back. I screamed in terror. Down I went into the mud, and a native, whose hands my fear had turned into crocodile claws, scrambled over me and up the bank.

I was the last out. When I finally reached the top of the bank, covered in grey slime and mud, I had lost everything except my hunting knife and my ammunition belt.

We sat on the bank for ten minutes while we recovered our wits and watched for the crocodile. Then I sent off two natives to recover the battered canoe, which had drifted upstream on the tide. . . .

The yam-stick murder took me back to Arnhem Land.

The story of the crime reached me in Darwin. Two brothers named Nongorliwede and Jiminmulla had gone to Goulburn Island Mission to trade buffalo horns. The deal completed, they started back into the hinterland, carrying their traded goods—tobacco, calico and blankets.

On the way, they camped for one night near the King River, a tributary of the Liverpool River. As they slept, five Muralidaban tribesmen approached their camp, woke up the sleeping travellers, sampled their tobacco and turned in for the night.

The tribesmen's names were Nundul, Narminnierobu, Medorobu, Darrandarra and Marday.

Towards morning, Marday, envious of the blankets in which the two brothers were sleeping, aroused his four companions. "Let us kill these men and take their goods," he said.

The others apparently needed little persuasion. They surrounded the two men while Nundul plunged a long bamboo stick, used for digging yams, into Nongorliwede's neck. It went in at the base of the skull and came out at the nose. With another stick, Narminnierobu jabbed at the wounded man's shoulder blade.

Jiminmulla awakened to hear the death rattle of his brother. He leaped to his feet, and as he did so Nundul went for him with the bamboo stick and struck him on the left breast, just above the heart. Another stick wielded by Narminnierobu penetrated the left side of his stomach.

With the stick in his side, Jiminmulla broke through the gang and ran for his life. The murderers did not think that he would go far and made no attempt to follow him. They busied themselves burning Nungorliwede's body and distributing the booty. Nevertheless, Jiminmulla proved to be much tougher than they thought. He managed to reach his own country, the Gunborragonni. There, clansmen were now seeking revenge.

The area where his brother's murder had been committed was tremendously rocky, with great blocks of sandstone rearing up in fantastic figures of every shape. Few white men had ever been there. It was nothing but a blank space on my map.

One of my predecessors in the Native Affairs Branch, Patrol Officer Gordon Sweeney, had made a short foot patrol in the Junction Bay-Liverpool River-Tomkinson River districts in 1939, so I studied his reports.

THEY were not reassuring. It appeared that a white man by himself on such a mission as mine might easily end up wrapped in pandanus leaves, roasting quietly on the ashes of a fire.

"Cannibalism is still practised by three groups between the Blyth and Liverpool Rivers," Sweeney wrote. "The bodies of all except children, old people and the diseased are cut up after death. The bones are taken out and the flesh is cooked and eaten."

The reason for this gruesome ritual was that the natives thought that eating human flesh made them clever at spearing kangaroos, and finding wild honey and yams.

Sweeney and his bearers had come back unscathed, though, so presumably I could, too.

Then I realized that going in search of the murderers meant heading for the country of Mahrdei, the medicine man. If Mahrdei chose to range his might against me, I would indeed be lucky if I got very far in safety.

With these thoughts I sailed from Darwin on November 27, 1946, aboard the lugger Larrapan to begin a patrol which made my previous excursions into Arnhem Land seem like picnics.

NEXT WEEK: I see Mahrdei's fiendish crocodile magic

Syd Kyle-Little's book will be published by Hutchinson in May under the title of "The Whispering Wind"

"I wonder how it would look in that corner, Fred"

HEROES—3

A kindly nation seems to prefer its heroes slightly unsuccessful. Its mind dwells more readily upon a last stand or upon a forlorn hope than upon the unchivalrous details of a crushing victory.

Philip Guedalla

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Example **The Awakening**

Bullet **In Wideawake Competitor's Wake!**

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£10: R. J. Naughton, 60 Rotherfield Road, Enfield, Middlesex: MAN WHO CAN MOVE—"BOULDERS," FINDS "ALADDIN'S CAVE."

OTHER AWARDS: £9: R. L. Weir, 36 Dick Crescent, Burntisland, Fife: THE AWAKENING—PICKET LINE BECAME *Queue*! £8: F. Drew, "Treetops," Crediton Road, Okehampton: AS I SEE IT—*Hiroshima's* "TEST," CONCLUSIVE ENOUGH! £7: Miss D. Clark, 4 Pinfold Avenue, Blackley, Manchester: EVERY CUSTOMER—WE "ROB," RIVALS STEAL! £6: J. P. Gregory, 76 Station Road, West Hallam, Derby: WRECKED THE MAGIC—OF "THREE BEARS," SOOTY. £5: A. Jones, 39 Holly Street, Rhydyfelin, Pontypridd, Glamorgan: THOSE EMIGRANTS—GOOD SEED—GOD SPEED! £5: J. M. Proctor, 44 Pilley Lane, Leckhampton, Cheltenham: NATURE'S CHOIR—ENJOYING *Freedom*, CHEERING *Bedridden*. £5: E. Wratten, 22 Birkbeck Road, Hutton, Essex: THOSE EMIGRANTS—SINGING—THEN HEARD "GREENSLEEVES."

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 30 Prizes of £1 and 2,000 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

John's Medicine	Vital Statistics
The Art Of Peacemaking	One Long Holiday
Too Many Workers	Up And Doing
Financial Quicksands	What She Aims At
Coming To Us	Hits Us All
Asia's Awakening	A Big Flop
Where The Seagulls Cry	Breathlessly
Nobody's Baby	A Trip To London
To Pacify The Mob	Whizzing Along
Have A Heart And	If Politicians Played Cricket

Last six *Examples* are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice — then make your *Bullet* as usual

In The Final.....	A Bit Too.....
To Make Britain.....	Tale Of.....
Round At The.....	..... Record

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B.

EX. .....

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EX. .....

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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 11), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 27, for early news of No. 2,085 result.)

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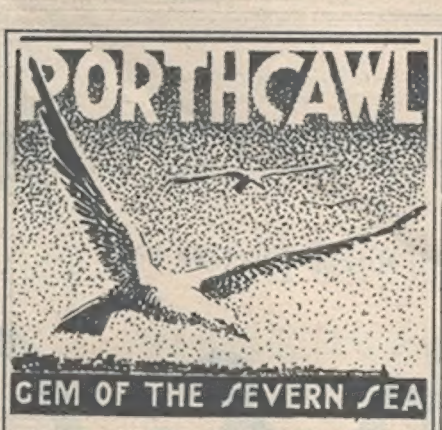

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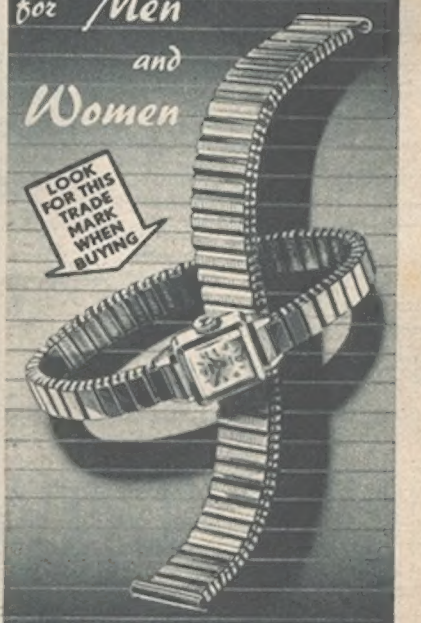

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